Horticultural Society

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE, THE FARM AND THE GARDEN.

AND NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

THE FIRESIDE, RURAL LIFE, LITERATURE, USEFUL ARTS, NEWS, &c.

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Editorial.

ORCHARD GRASS.

(Dactylis glomerata.)

Its Value as a Forage Crop.

There appears to be a difference of opinion among farmers as to the value of this grass. In the discussions at Farmers' Meetings, while some speak very highly of it for winter fodder the majority are in doubt as to the quality being up to that of timothy hay; and while some represent that it will produce several large crops in a season, others pronounce it to have proved a failure with them; that it has not produced much if any more than a half a crop. Why this difference of opinion? it is because it is not a grass that will not grow equally well on all kinds of soil? This is probably the reason.

From various discussions on this subject during the present season, the evidence appears to be quite conclusive that orchard grass is a grass that will not grow well on heavy moist land, and that it will produce large crops on light warm soils. This is contrary to what has been very generally supposed to be true; so far as evidence has been collected, in every instance where it has been sown on a heavy soil, it has not given satisfaction as a hay crop; the first crop being only a moderate one, while the second crop has usually rusted and been a failure, while where it has been sown on a sandy loam it has produced very large crops, when the land has been well manured. If it be a fact that this is a grass that grows well only on warm land, it is important that farmers should know it, because the impression is very general, that it grows best on a cold heavy soil, which impression has been gathered not from practical tests on New England farms, but from books, the authors of which have gathered the information from tests made on soils outside of New England.

We hope New England farmers, who have had practical experience with this grass will make known the result through the columns of the *Ploughman*. The analysis of the hay made from this grass shows that it is one of the most nutritious. That it grows very rapidly on some soils is a fact well established; it also seems to be conceded by nearly every one, that for a pasture grass it is very desirable, because of its early growth in the spring, and also for the rapidity which it starts again when fed down by cattle.

PULVERIZING PLOUGH.

Among the new implements needed on the farm, may be named, one that will break up and pulverize the soil at one operation. Great improvements have been made in the harrow, but the modern plough does not leave the soil any better, if as well prepared for plant growth as did the old Egyptian plough, because it very carefully turns it bottom up and leaves at the bottom of the furrow whatever material is spread on the surface; while the old Egyptian plough loosens the soil and breaks the crust without turning the earth over to any great extent; so whatever is spread on the surface is pushed between the furrows and but slightly covered. What is wanted in a plough is that action which will not only break the lumps and fine the soil but thoroughly mix with it the fertilizing materials applied before ploughing, thus accomplishing at one operation what it now takes two if not three to do.

Our present method of pulverising the soi is not only expensive but it is defective, because in the very act of pulverizing we press down a considerable portion of the soil with the feet of the horses. If we desire to make the soil very fine we must go over the ground several times with the harrow, but, by so doing, a considerable portion of the soil is trampled down nearly as hard as before it was ploughed. It is true, just at the surface it will be loosened up by the harrow; but the lower portion, firmed by the feet of the horses, will remain undisturbed; to avoid this requires some implement that will do the work at one operation, and at the same time permit the horses to travel on the portion of land not stirred up; that an implement can be made to do this, there can be but little doubt. The moment inventors are convinced that there is a demand for such implement they will set themselves to work to invent one. It cannot be very difficult to make an implement to perform this work on land free from large stones, and is not award land. Grass land will no doubt require a different implement, because the sod will need to be turned over and placed at the bottom of the furrow. While land that is free from sods would be in better condition if while being pulverised and mixed with the manure it is kept the same side up.

We believe that there is already a pulverizing plough that has been put on the Southern market, which, if successful, no doubt will soon be for sale in our market. The first efforts may not be fully up to the wants of the farmer; if not, improvements will soon be made and defects remedied.

☞ The Rural New Yorker gives the following as a specific for the squash bug: To a barrel of water take half a bushel of hen manure mix thoroughly. Stir every three or four days. Keep covered to prevent evaporation. The older it is the better. Apply to the vines with a coarse sprinkler. Do not use too much at a time, as it is a powerful fertiliser.

☞ The cluster of eggs that may be found on apple-tree limbs should be picked off during open weather in winter, and thus prevent the hatching of the tent caterpillar.—[Concord Monitor.

GROWING THE QUINCE.

Among the cooking fruits the quince occupies a prominent place, and for some years past has commanded a very high price. This has been caused by the fact that owing to a diseased state of the tree it has become very difficult to grow fruit of the first quality. How to overcome this difficulty is one of the problems yet to solve. The quince, unlike other fruit trees, has been propagated from slips, and not by grafting or budding on seedling roots, consequently the entire tree, root and branch, is a production from old wood that in its progress towards old age has gathered up various diseases, that instead of being in a measure overcome by vigorous seedling roots, is encouraged by the feeble roots that spring from diseased slips. This process of growing trees from diseased wood ought to be at once abandoned, and a new departure taken. New seedlings should be grown from the most perfect specimens of fruit; even then, at first, many of the seedlings will possess constitutional weakness, coming as they must from diseased trees; but no doubt some will escape, and be healthy and vigorous. As soon as healthy trees are thus obtained all of the diseased trees should be destroyed.

We already have some new seedling quinces that are said to be healthy and produce excellent fruit; if so, the old trees should be destroyed as soon as there is any indication of disease, and the new seedlings introduced to replace them.

The enemy to the quince is the borer who works near the roots; but this is an enemy that is easily conquered if taken in season.

To be able to work to the best advantage it is best to keep the trees single, and not in clusters as many do, which is easily done by keeping the sprouts cut off when the tree is small. When only a single trunk is required to be looked after, it is easy to examine all around the tree, which should be done twice a year, in May and September. If this is done faithfully, there is but little danger of injury by borers, providing coal ashes or gravel be heaped up around the trees during the summer season.

If trees with vigorous healthy wood can't be obtained, the quince is a crop that promises as profitable returns as any fruit that grows, but if only diseased trees can be obtained, it is useless to set an orchard with the expectation of a profit.

Correspondence.

"SILOS"—"ENSILAGE."

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

But little has been written for the *Ploughman* about ensilage for nearly a year. I see it hinted in some papers that silo stock is down as silo men have little to say. Perhaps the reason may be that when they find men in high position sneering at their statements they remember what the good book says about casting pearls, &c. Let that be as it may, there have been facts enough stated to prove to the average farmer that there must be something in the system. The failures do not exceed two per cent.

You may set one hundred men to raise an acre of any kind of roots, and I am sure that 25 per cent. would fail; then why condemn the silo because two per cent. has failed, and that because they did not exclude air from their ensilage.

Mr. John Fiske says his clover heated so badly that his cows shrunk in milk. I wilted my clover slightly, put in without cutting, and do not think it ever heated at all. If all the oxygen is taken away how is it going to heat. No air no fire, is a truism. If Mr. Fiske does not believe it let him keep his stove shut and see how much fire he will get. It is quite probable that his clover was not evenly spread, was not well trodden and not weighted until the process of heating had set in. Some claim that a silo need not be air tight, but I hope no one will be deluded by any such nonsense. I should just as soon think of letting air into a fruit can as into a silo if I wanted perfect feed. I do not doubt you can put on weight enough to preserve most of it, but decay will take place on the sides every time you put in ensilage into a silo which has not air tight sides. I know by experience that it is so, as I have not always got my doors air tight. One word more about Mr. Fiske. I think after having so many fevers he was not in condition to succeed, especially as the last one must have been three years in its inception, as he lives in the same town as Dr. Bailey, and had an opportunity to see the working of his silos. A man was at my place yesterday who told me he was here twice two years ago and four times last winter, and became satisfied that silos were good things, and concluded to build one. His brother-in-law told him he was very foolish to spend his money that way, as it would be so much thrown away; but he built it and is well satisfied with it, and what is more, his brother-in-law has been watching it and has been converted, and will build a silo next summer. I never was better satisfied with silos than I am this winter. My ensilage is perfect. My cows love it and give large quantities of milk. You will remember last fall I offered to pay Mr. Hersey his expenses if he would come to my place and see my corn, if it did not weigh over 40 tons to the acre. He came and was well satisfied to pay his own expenses. I am positive I had at the rate of over 50 tons to the acre. I expected he would note the fact in the *Ploughman*.

A gentleman remarked to me that if it had not weighed 40 tons we should have heard about it long before this.

L. W. CURTIS, M. D.

Globe Village, Feb. 10, 1883.

☞ The London Times frankly acknowledges that Great Britain has become dependent upon the United States in the matter of cotton, meal, and breadstuffs. It says: "The country of which within recent memory we were childishly and vindictively jealous, now proves to be the country by which, to a great extent, we live. It sends us corn by the hundreds of shiploads. Its beef competes with ours, or rather becomes ours, and is sold at our native prices under the hands of our enterprising English butchers." With such a market how important that American farmers should learn to produce goods best adapted for British consumption. We are indeed fortunate to be able to exchange our surplus farm products for the gold of Europe.—[Maine Farmer.

Correspondence.

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman.

DEVON CATTLE.

BY JOHN DIMON.

"Why, Uncle John, nobody but an old fogy will say anything in favor of the Devons now; they have had their day, but were once a very popular breed in New England. But that was many years ago. As long ago as when Mr. Buckminster was editor of the *Ploughman*, and it is said he had a fine herd of them. But now, to write an article for this same *Ploughman* in favor of the Devons will result, I fear, in ridicule."

"Well, Eugene, I shall write just the same; and if they do not think it worth publishing they can make kindling wood of it. I shall write just what I told the members of the Woodstock, Conn., Farmers' Club some four or five years ago, and about what I told the Providence, R. I., people at their Legislative Agricultural meeting two years ago. And that is while the Devons are not as popular in New England as they were before the advent of the Ayrshires, Jerseys and Holsteins, yet I do believe they should not be discarded as one of the most useful of all the different breeds of cattle for our New England hills and our New England climate. I am not going to advocate their propagation to the exclusion of all or any other breeds of cattle with which our country is at present stocked. Yet I do feel as though the Devons as a breed have high claims on the New England farmer. For a milk man who makes milk to sell, if he confines himself to any thorough breed of cattle, I think he will find the most money in the Ayrshire or Dutch. For cheese dairies there is nothing to quite equal the Ayrshires, their milk being so rich in casine or cheese forming matter. For strictly gilt-edge butter dairies the Jersey holds the sway. Out on our great Western prairies where beef is the object, the rivalry just now between the Short-horns and the Herefords is running high. But for our own New England farmers who want a breed of cattle with which to stock their farm and of which to grow their oxen and cows and to make their beef of; with such crops as their farms will produce without sending to the West for the grain to feed them on, I very much doubt if we have any breed that if kept pure would give such universal satisfaction to the average New England farmer in the long run as the now—as it appears—unpopular little red Devons. Cows of this breed here with us have given as high as 22 quarts good pure milk in a single day, and have made their 16 pounds of butter in 7 days. They won't all do it. Neither will all Ayrshire cows give 30 quarts milk per day, yet some have done it. And as to Jerseys, I presume some have or may be disappointed in them as a breed, for although as a breed they are excellent butter cows, yet they are not all Jersey Queens or Bells of Scituate. And I feel like saying right here to the New England farmer who has a herd of good Devon cows and is anticipating the sale of them for the price of common scrub stock with the view of stocking his farm with Jerseys at large prices. Don't do it now! Wait another year, take as good care of the Devons as you would be compelled to of the Jerseys to keep them at all. Compare the profits of your dairy with that of your neighbor stocked with Jerseys and note the results. Then if you think best to make the change I have nothing to say. As to working oxen the Devons make the best in the world, and our farmers would be much better off to-day did they use more oxen and less horses. But fashion is such a tyrant to which we are all more or less the slaves, compels us to make changes. The great cattle boom of the present is concentrated on Jerseys and Guernseys, but it will have its day, and then something else will come to the front. It is but ten years since there was such a boom on Short-horns as to amount to $40,600 for a cow and $12,000 for a bull at a public auction sale in New York State, and at that time the *best* of Jerseys here or on the island would not sell for more than $300. But now Jerseys bring as high as $5,100. I tell Eugene that the fashions in breeds and colors of stock are subject to changes just as much as the colors and materials with which we are clothed and who knows but that the Devons may be struck by the next boom.

Brighton, Mass., Feb. 8, 1883.

THE "SILO" QUESTION.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I am interested in the silo question and rise for information.

In feeding from the silo, which is the better way, to cut down on one side or to feed from the top? It seems to me that there might be less waste to feed from the top.

When a silo is filled from twenty to twenty-five feet deep, what proportion of the juices of the fodder is lost from the lower half, and what is its relative value compared with the residue?

Is it possible to make a silo with stone and cement so as to have it perfectly tight or sufficiently so to hold the juices that are pressed from the ensilage?

Silos can be constructed of plank in the form of a cylinder with a tight bottom that will hold all the juices that would be lost in a silo of cement and stone, and the cost would ordinarily be less than stone and cement, and they would probably be durable.

A cylinder 16 feet in diameter and 16 feet high, will hold 80 tons of ensilage. One 20 feet in diameter and 20 feet high, will hold 180 tons.

Such silos can be taken down and removed and, if made at a manufactory and the several parts well filled, it would undoubtedly be a great inducement to many farmers to try the new system.

Have any of the readers of the *Ploughman* ever tried such a silo? If so, please have them report.

D. T. C.

Claremont, N. H., Feb. 2, 1883.

The sleep of the old year reminds us that the breath of spring only unfolds what was long preparing in silence during the period of Nature's rest.—[London Gardeners Chronicle.

☞ Absence of ventilation; badly arranged entrance of light, and hay-racks over their heads permitting seeds and dust to fall into their eyes, are referred to as prolific sources of blindness in horses.

"Commercial Fertilizers."

TENTH ANNUAL REPORT ON COMMERCIAL FERTILIZERS.

BY PROF. C. A. GOESSMANN,

Of Massachusetts Agricultural College.

Official Report to the State Board of Agriculture,

At the Annual Meeting held in Boston, February 6, 7, 8 and 9, 1883.

Gentlemen:—The trade in Commercial Fertilizers has been quite active during the past year. A larger number of manufacturers have entered our markets in the western and central portion of the state in particular, than in preceding years. The character of the leading standard fertilizers has been but little changed. Wherever changes have been made, the tendency has been to increase the potash and to decrease the nitrogen. The stock of fertilisers carried over from 1881 to 1882 was quite large on account of unsatisfactory crops in the South. As the prices of 1881 were exceptionally high, similar high prices ruled during the spring of 1882. As the spring trade furnishes by far the larger amount of fertiliser used in the State, the retail prices of my previous report (IX) have been retained in the valuation of all articles mentioned in the present report.

	(Price per pound in cents.)
Nitrogen. In form of Nitric Acid..	25
In form of Ammonia	26
In form of dried ground meat and blood, finely pulverized steamed bones, finely ground fish guano, Peruvian guano, urates, poudrettes and artificial guano	24
In form of finely ground bones and bat guano	22
In form of fine ground horn, wooldust, etc.	15
In form of horn shavings and woolen rags, human excretions and barn yard manure, fish scraps, animal refuse matter from glue factories and tanneries, etc.	12
Phosphoric acid soluble in water.	
As contained in alkaline phosphates and superphosphates	12.5
In Peruvian Guano and urates	9
In form of so-called reduced or reverted acid	6 to 8
In precipitated bone phosphate, steamed fine bones, fish guano according to size and disintegration, from	
In form of bone black waste, wood ash, caribbean guano, ground bone ash, coarsely ground bones, poudrette, barnyard manure, etc.	4
In form of finely ground South Carolina and Navassa phosphates	3
Potassium oxide. In form of muriats of potash or chloride of potassium	5
In form of sulphate of potassium, natural and artificial kainits	3
In form of higher grades of sulphate of potash	7 to 7.5

Some reduction in prices is to be expected for the coming season on account of a decided decline in some of the leading articles of the trade stock of fertilizers. A statement of the late wholesale prices in the Boston and New York markets accompanies these pages. An addition of twenty per cent to the wholesale price appears the customary retail charges. A late attempt of introducing ground leather refuse as a nitrogen source into ammoniated superphosphates deserves the serious attention of the Board. Whilst it remains very desirable that all suitable nitrogen containing refuse material from our various industries should be economized for manurial purposes, it remains not less justifiable to restrict manufacturers in the use of articles of doubtful merits without giving due notice of the fact.

Wholesale prices—New York and Boston, of the year, 1882.

NAME OF MATERIAL.	Price per ton of 2000 lbs in dollars.
Sulphate of Ammonia, containing from 24 to 25 per cent of ammonia	85.95
Nitrate of Soda, (Chili saltpetre) containing 95 per cent of that compound	54.60
Nitrate of Potash, containing 44 to 96 per cent of that compound	165.170
Dried Blood, yielding from— (a) 15 to 17 per cent of ammonia (black)	54.60
(b) 12 to 14 per cent of ammonia (soft red)	40.47
(c) 10 to 12 per cent of ammonia	34.40
Dried Meat, yielding from 14 to 15 per cent of ammonia	50.55
Castor Pumace (ground) yielding 6 to 7 per cent of ammonia	21.28
Cotton Seed Meal, yielding 7 to 8 per cent of ammonia	28.30
Fine Ground Bone (steamed) yielding from 3.5 to 4.5 per cent of ammonia, and containing from 50 to 55 per cent of bone phosphate	38.45
Bone-black (waste material) containing from 30 to 34 per cent of phosphoric acid	30.33
South Carolina Phosphate (ground) containining from 25 to 28 per cent of phosphoric acid	18.22
Navassa phosphate (ground) containing from 25 to 28 per cent of phosphoric acid	20.23
Canadian Apatite (ground) containing from 30 to 35 per cent of phosphoric acid	25.
No. 2. Superphosphate of Lime, containing from 15 to 16 per cent of soluble phosphoric acid	23.32
Acid Phosphate, containing from 12 to 14 per cent of soluble phosphoric acid	25.28
Lobos Guano, yielding from 4 to 6 per cent of ammonia, and containing from 18 to 20 per cent of phosphoric acid	35.60
Peruvian Guano (guaranteed) yielding from 6 to 8 per cent of ammonia and containing from 12 to 14 per cent of phosphoric acid	60.65
Muriate of Potash containing from 80 to 85 per cent of that compound, equal from 50 to 53.7 per cent of potassium oxide	36.40
Muriate of Potash (Douglas-hall) containing 80 per cent of that compound, equal to 50 per cent of potassium oxide and about 10 per cent of sulphate of magnesia	40.45
Sulphate of Potassa, containing 90 per cent of that compound, which is equal to 43.3 of potassium oxide	60.65
Sulphate of Potassa, containing from 60 to 65 per cent of that compound, which is equal to 32.3 to 35 per cent of potassium oxide	40.45
German Potash Salt, containing from 28 to 32 per cent of sulphate of potassa, which is equal to from 15 to 17.3 per cent of potassium oxide	18.20
Kainit (low grade) containing 22 to 26 per cent of sulphate of potassa, which is equal to 11.9 to 14 per cent of potassium oxide	9.12
Sulphate of Magnesia (Kieserite) containing from 60 to 70 per cent of that compound	18.22
Sulphate of Magnesia containing from 80 to 85 per cent of that compound	14.15
Fine Ground Gypsum containing 95 to 98 per cent of that compound	9.10

MURIATE OF POTASH.

W. H. Earle, Worcester, Mass.

Moisture	2.15 per cent
Potassium oxide	50 25
Sodium oxide	11.26
Magnesium oxide	0.90
Sulphuric acid	0 50
Calcium oxide	trace

$33.24

This potash compound is more and more used as potassa source in field and garden cultivation.

MAGNESIA, POTASH, SULPHATE.

Collected of Wm. H. Earle, Worcester, Mass.

Moisture	4.00 per cent
Potassium sulphate	51.30
Potassium oxide	27 77
Magnesium oxide	12.30
Magnesium sulphate	36 90
Sulphuric acid	47.90
Insoluble matter	1.18.

$28.95

GROUND FERTILIZING BONE.

O. H. Leach & Co Boston. Mass.

Moisture	3.93 per cent
Organic and volatile matter	62 75
Ash constituents	37 25
Total Phosphoric acid	18.58
Nitrogen	2 37
Insoluble matter	0.43

L. B. DARLING & CO. BONES.

(Ground Bones.)

Collected of Messrs. Parker & Gannett, Boston.

Moisture	7.83 per cent
Organic & volatile matter	42 63
Ash constituents	57.37
Total phosphoric acid	22.16
" nitrogen	3.29
Insoluble matter	0.29

BONE FERTILIZER.

(Bone Factory, Holyoke, Mass.)

Collected of Messrs. Wilder & Puffer, Springfield.

Moisture	7 10 per cent
Organic and volatile matter	37.84
Ash constituents	62.16
Total phosphoric acid	24 56
" nitrogen	3.13
Insoluble matter	0.20

GROUND BONES.

C. T. Brown, Northampton, Mass.

Moisture	6.91 per cent
Organic and volatile matter	49.35
Ash constituents	50.65
Phosphoric acid	19.40
Nitrogen	3 71
Insoluble matter	1.07

GROUND BONES.

C. W. Belknap and Son, Portland, Maine.

Collected of Rice Bros. Worcester, Mass.

Moisture	8 23 per cent
Organic and volatile matter	43.05
Ash constituents	56 95
Phosphoric acid	18 37
Nitrogen	2.71
Insoluble matter	1.48

RAW GROUND BONES.

E. H Smith, Northborough, Mass.

Moisture at 100 deg.	7.91 per cent
Ash constituents	50.73
Volatile & Organic matter	49.27
Phosphoric acid	21.82
Nitrogen	3 64
Insoluble matter	1.33

PURE FISH GUANO.

Quinnipiac Co. New Haven, Conn.

Collected of Messrs. Horton and Phelps Northampton.

Moisture	37.06 per cent
Organic and volatile matter	53.13
Ash constituents	16.87
Phosphoric acid	6 14
Nitrogen	5.39
Insoluble matter	1.62

Valuation per ton of two thousand pounds.

122.8 pounds of phosphoric acid	$7.37
107.8 pounds of Nitrogen	25 87
	$33.24

BRADLEY FERTILIZER CO.

(Dry Fish.)

Collected of Messrs. Horton and Phelps. Northampton, Mass.

Moisture	25.80 per cent
Organic and volatile matter	33.09
Ash constituents	16.91
Phosphoric acid	5.60
Nitrogen	6.80

Valuation per ton of two tousand pounds.

112.0 pounds of phosphoric acid	6.72
136.0 pounds of nitrogen	32.64
	$39 36

BOWKER'S DRY FISH.

Collected of C. T. Brown, Northampton, Mass.

Moisture	7.55 per cent
Organic and volatile matter	81.80
Ash constituents	18.20
Phosphoric acid	7.54

Commercial Fertilizers Continued.

Phosphoric acid	1.01
Calcium oxide	32 27
Potassium oxide	3.55
Insoluble matter	8.26

II.

Moisture	8 40 per cent
Organic and volatile matter	20.66
Ash constituents	79.34
Phosphoric acid	0.88
Calcium oxide	39.71
Potassium oxide	4.95
Insoluble matter	6.64

These two samples (I–II) are fair specimens of the Canada ash sold in Western Massachusetts; the price in car loads of 600 to 675 bushels is reported to be 34 cents per bushel.

CANADA ASHES.

III.

Sent on from Whateley, Mass.

Moisture	28.04 per cent
Organic and volatile matter	39 62
Ash constituents	60 38
Phosphoric acid	0 68
Calcium oxide	34 43
Potassium oxide	2.49
Insoluble matter	3.35

This sample is less valuable than the previous samples; it is desirable that wood ash should be sold by an analysis.

ASHES.

Sent on for examination from Concord.

IV.

Moisture	1.59 per cent
Organic and volatile matter	29 50
Ash constituents	70.50
Potassium oxide	0 25
Ferric oxide	traces
Phosphoric acid	traces
Calcium oxide	18.00
Insoluble matter	36 02

The composition of this article (IV) corresponds more with that of a leached wood ash.

SOOT.

Sent on for examination from Concord.

Moisture	5.5 per cent
Organic and volatile matter (not moisture)	16.36
Ash constituents	78 10
Potassium oxide	1 83
Ferric oxide	traces
Insoluble matter	35.34

The source of this material was not stated; the large percentage of insoluble matter, and the small percentage of potassium oxide point towards coal ash as the financial constituent of the article.

ONONDAGA GYPSUM.

Sheldon & Newcombe, Greenfield.

Moisture	9 85 per cent
Calcium oxide	30 14
Sulphuric acid	32.69
Magnesium oxide	6.06
Chlorine	0 33
Insoluble matter	8.28

This variety of gypsum has been of late largely sold in the western and central part of the State. It is well spoken of by those who have used it; its cost—six dollars per ton of 2000 pounds, compares well with that of Nova Scotia gypsum.

GREEN MOUNTAIN ODORLESS FERTILIZER.

Geo. W. Maynard, General Agent, Lawrence. Sent on from Secretary Russell.

Moisture at 100 deg. C.	14.24 per cent
Moisture at red heat	18.72
Sulphuric acid	2.62
Calcium oxide	40.32
Clorine	7.87
Potassium oxide	1.87
Phosphoric acid	trace
Insoluble matter	4.96
Ferric oxide	trace
Sodium oxide	6.83

The manufacturer of this article states, that salts, wood ash and burnt lime, mixed in certain proportions and after a manner of his own, constitute the principal ingredients of it. The analysis apparently confirms the

SOUTH CAROLINA PHOSPHATE.

Sent on far examination from Boston.

Moisture	1.20 per cent
Loss by calcination	3.45
Total phosphoric acid	28.69
Insoluble matter	9.18

This sample represents a high grade article of its kind.

APATITE (CANADA.)

Sent on for examination.

Phosphoric acid	37 32
Calcium oxide	55.35
Chlorine, Insoluble matter	—

This specimen is rather of an exceptional character; the apatite obtained in Canada, and offered for sale to Phosphate manufacturers is more or less associated with silicous rocks, and quite difficult to pulverize.

ENGLISH SUPERPHOSPHATE.

Sent on from New York.

Moisture	18 32 per cent
Volatile and organic matter	—
Total phosphoric acid	13.12
Soluble Phosphoric acid	8.54
Reverted Phosphoric acid	0.64
Insoluble phosphoric acid	3 94
Potassium oxide	1.72
Insoluble matter	9 58

Valuation per ton of two thousand pounds.

170 8 pounds of soluble phosphoric acid,	$21.35
12.8 " Reverted " "	1 15
78 8 " Insoluble " "	4.73
34.4 " Potassium oxide	1.72
	$28.95

GROUND FERTILIZING BONE.

O. H. Leach & Co Boston. Mass.

Moisture	3.93 per cent
Organic and volatile matter	62 75
Ash constituents	37 25
Total Phosphoric acid	18.58
Nitrogen	2 37
Insoluble matter	0.43

L. B. DARLING & CO. BONES.

(Ground Bones.)

Collected of Messrs. Parker & Gannett, Boston.

Moisture	7.83 per cent
Organic & volatile matter	42 63
Ash constituents	57.37
Total phosphoric acid	22.16
" nitrogen	3.29
Insoluble matter	0.29

BONE FERTILIZER.

(Bone Factory, Holyoke, Mass.)

Collected of Messrs. Wilder & Puffer, Springfield.

Moisture	7 10 per cent
Organic and volatile matter	37.84
Ash constituents	62.16
Total phosphoric acid	24 56
" nitrogen	3.13
Insoluble matter	0.20

GROUND BONES.

C. T. Brown, Northampton, Mass.

Moisture	6.91 per cent
Organic and volatile matter	49.35
Ash constituents	50.65
Phosphoric acid	19.40
Nitrogen	3 71
Insoluble matter	1.07

GROUND BONES.

C. W. Belknap and Son, Portland, Maine.

Collected of Rice Bros. Worcester, Mass.

Moisture	8 23 per cent
Organic and volatile matter	43.05
Ash constituents	56 95
Phosphoric acid	18 37
Nitrogen	2.71
Insoluble matter	1.48

RAW GROUND BONES.

E. H Smith, Northborough, Mass.

Moisture at 100 deg.	7.91 per cent
Ash constituents	50.73
Volatile & Organic matter	49.27
Phosphoric acid	21.82
Nitrogen	3 64
Insoluble matter	1.33

PURE FISH GUANO.

Quinnipiac Co. New Haven, Conn.

Collected of Messrs. Horton and Phelps Northampton.

Moisture	37.06 per cent
Organic and volatile matter	53.13
Ash constituents	16.87
Phosphoric acid	6 14
Nitrogen	5.39
Insoluble matter	1.62

Valuation per ton of two thousand pounds.

122.8 pounds of phosphoric acid	$7.37
107.8 pounds of Nitrogen	25 87
	$33.24

BRADLEY FERTILIZER CO.

(Dry Fish.)

Collected of Messrs. Horton and Phelps. Northampton, Mass.

Moisture	25.80 per cent
Organic and volatile matter	33.09
Ash constituents	16.91
Phosphoric acid	5.60
Nitrogen	6.80

Valuation per ton of two tousand pounds.

112.0 pounds of phosphoric acid	6.72
136.0 pounds of nitrogen	32.64
	$39 36

BOWKER'S DRY FISH.

Collected of C. T. Brown, Northampton, Mass.

Moisture	7.55 per cent
Organic and volatile matter	81.80
Ash constituents	18.20
Phosphoric acid	7.54

Commercial Fertilizers Continued.

Nitrogen	9.62
Insoluble matter	1.55

Valuation per ton of two thousand pounds.

150.8 pounds of phosphoric acid	$9.04
192.4 pounds of nitrogen	46 18
	$55.22

PURE DRY FISH.

(Geo. W. Miles & Co.)

Collected of D. W. Dwight, Northampton, Mass.

Moisture	19 88 per cent.
Organic and volatile matter	63.76
Ash constituents	36.24
Phosphoric acid	7.90
Nitrogen	4.80
Bone phosphate of lime	17.25
Insoluble matter	1.56

Valuation per ton of two thousand pounds.

158 0 pounds of phosphoric acid	9 48
97.8 pounds of nitrogen	23.47
	$32.95

CODFISH GUANO—BONNE ESPERANCE, LABRADOR.

By W. H. Whiteley, St. John, Newfoundland.

Moisture	8.50 per cent.
Organic and volatile matter	27.77
Ash constituents	72.23
Total phosphoric acid	11.26
Soluble phosphoric acid	0.64
Reverted phosphoric acid	3 46
Insoluble phosphoric acid	7 16
Nitrogen	7 09
Insoluble matter	1 25
Fat	4.60

Valuation per ton of two thousand pounds.

12.8 lbs of soluble phosphoric acid	$ 1.60
69.2 " reverted " "	6.23
143.2 " insoluble " "	8.59
141.4 " nitrogen	33.03
	$49.45

The heads, entrails, and back bones of the codfish are placed in iron kettles and boiled until they become a soft mass, which is subsequently pressed and dried in the air. The factory is capable of manufacturing annually one thousand tons of dried codfish offal for the market, of the above composition.

FISH AND POTASH.

(Geo. W. Miles & Co).

Collected of D. W. Dwight, Northampton.

Moisture	19.85 per cent
Organic and volatile matter	60.20
Ash constituents	39 80
Total phosphoric acid	5 26
Soluble phosphoric acid	3.20
Reverted phosphoric acid	1.09
Insoluble phosphoric acid	0 97
Nitrogen	3.16
Potassium oxide	3.82
Insoluble matter	2 31

Valuation per ton of two thousand pounds.

64.0 pounds of soluble phosphoric acid	$ 8.00
21 8 pounds of reverted phosphoric acid	1.96
19 4 pounds of insoluble phosphoric acid	1.16
63.2 pounds of nitrogen	15.17
76.4 pounds of potassium oxide	1.53
	$30 11

GREEN MOUNTAIN ODORLESS FERTILIZER.

Geo. W. Maynard, General Agent, Lawrence. Sent on from Secretary Russell.

Moisture at 100 deg. C.	14.24 per cent
Moisture at red heat	18.72
Sulphuric acid	2.62
Calcium oxide	40.32
Clorine	7.87
Potassium oxide	1.87
Phosphoric acid	trace
Insoluble matter	4.96
Ferric oxide	trace
Sodium oxide	6.83

The manufacturer of this article states, that salts, wood ash and burnt lime, mixed in certain proportions and after a manner of his own, constitute the principal ingredients of it. The analysis apparently confirms the

SOUTH CAROLINA PHOSPHATE.

Sent on far examination from Boston.

Moisture	1.20 per cent
Loss by calcination	3.45
Total phosphoric acid	28.69
Insoluble matter	9.18

This sample represents a high grade article of its kind.

APATITE (CANADA.)

Sent on for examination.

Phosphoric acid	37 32
Calcium oxide	55.35
Chlorine, Insoluble matter	—

This specimen is rather of an exceptional character; the apatite obtained in Canada, and offered for sale to Phosphate manufacturers is more or less associated with silicous rocks, and quite difficult to pulverize.

ENGLISH SUPERPHOSPHATE.

Sent on from New York.

Moisture

COMMERCIAL FERTILIZERS.

(Report Continued from First Page)

BRADLEY'S SEA FOWL.

Collected of Messrs. Wilder & Phillips Springfield.

Moisture at 100 deg C.	13.70 per cent
Total phosphoric acid	11.45
Soluble	7.57
Reverted	1.01
Insoluble	2.87
Nitrogen	2.73
Potash in oxide	3.58
Insoluble matter	4.90

Valuation per ton of two thousand pounds.

157 4 pounds of soluble phosphoric acid	$19 67
21 2 reverted	1 62
51.6 insoluble	3 08
54.6 nitrogen	13 10
51.6 potassium oxide	2 58
	$40,25

L. B. DARLING'S ANIMAL FERTILIZER.

Collected of Messrs. Parker & Gannett, Boston

Moisture	7 95 per cent
Organic and volatile matter	48.49
Ash contituents	50.31
Total phosphoric acid	15 20
Soluble	49
Reverted	5 21
Insoluble	9 49
Nitrogen	5.79
Potassium oxide	4 74
Insoluble matter	2.66

Valuation per ton of two thousand pounds.

8.8 pounds of soluble phosphoric acid	1.23
104.4 reverted	9.40
139 8 insoluble	11.39
115.8 Nitrogen	27.79
94.8 potassium oxide	4.7
	$54 55

E. FRANK COE'S AMMONIATED BONE SUPERPHOSPHATE.

Messrs. Sheldon & Newcomb, Greenfield.

Moisture at 100 deg C	11.40 per cent
Organic and volatile matter	45.96
Ash constituents	54 04
Total phosphoric acid	13 07
Soluble	7 62
Reverted	1.26
Insoluble	4.22
Nitrogen	2.03

Valuation per ton of two thousand pounds.

152.4 pounds of soluble phosphoric acid	$19.05
25 2 reverted	2.27
84.4 in-oluble	5 07
40.4 nitrogen	9 70
	$36 09

BAY STATE BONE SUPERPHOSPHATE.

Collected of Messrs J. Clark & Son, Worcester.

Moisture	25.39 per cent
Organic and volatile matter	53 78
Ash constituents	36 22
Total phosphoric acid	10.99
Soluble	7.22
Reverted	2.75
Insoluble	0.92
Nitrogen	3.41
Insoluble matter	0 74

Valuation per ton of two thousand pounds.

144.4 pounds of soluble phosphoric acid	18 05
55.0 reverted	4.95
18.4 insoluble	1.10
42.8 nitrogen	10.27
	$34.37

BRADLEY'S SEA FOWL.

Messrs. Sheldon & Newcomb, Greenfield.

Moisture at 100 deg. C	18.25 per cent
Organic and volatile matter	51 03
Ash constituents	48.97
Total phosphoric acid	11.46
Soluble	8.03
Reverted	1.75
Insoluble	1.68
Nitrogen	3.45
Potash in oxide	3.69
Insoluble matter	4 80

Valuation per ton of two thousand pounds.

160.6 pounds of soluble phosphoric acid	$20 08
35.0 reverted do	3.15
33.6 insoluble do	2 69
64.6 nitrogen	16.16
73.8 potassium oxide	3.69
	$45,50

SOLUBLE PACIFIC GUANO.

Collected of J. Clark & Son, Worcester, Mass.

Moisture	14 95 per cent
Organic and volatile matter	44 26
Ash constituents	55 74
Total phosphoric acid	10.37
Soluble phosphoric acid	7 36
Reverted phosphoric acid	0 32
Insoluble phosphoric acid	2.69
Nitrogen	2 65
Potassium oxide	3 81
Insoluble matter	5,78

Valuation per ton of two thousand pounds.

147.2 pounds of soluble phosphoric acid	19.00
6.4 pounds of reverted phosphoric acid	.58
52 4 pounds of insoluble phosphoric acid	5.14
53.0 pounds of nitrogen	12 72
76.2 pounds of potassium oxide	3,81
	$39,25

MITCHELL'S STANDARD SUPERPHOSPHATE.

Collected of Messrs. Rice Bros., Worcester.

Moisture	33.42 per cent
Organic and volatile matter	66 58
Ash constituents	33.04
Total phosphoric acid	7.41
Soluble phosphoric acid	5,14
Reverted phosphoric acid	1 49
Insoluble phosphoric acid	0 78
Nitrogen	1.81
Potassium oxide	1,87
Insoluble matter	1,83

Valuation per ton of two thousand pounds.

102.8 pounds of soluble phosphoric acid	12 85
29.8 pounds of reverted phosphoric acid	2.68
15 6 pounds of insoluble phosphoric acid	1.30
32.3 pounds of nitrogen	7.72
37.4 pounds of potassium oxide	1,87
	$26,06

BRADLEY'S XL.

Collected of Wm. H. Earle, Worcester, Mass.

Moisture	16.70 per cent
Organic and volatile matter	48 50
Ash constituents	51.50
Total phosphoric acid	12.17
Soluble phosphoric acid	9.02
Reverted phosphoric acid	1.42
Insoluble phosphoric acid	1.73
Nitrogen	2 78
Potassium oxide	3.14
Insoluble matter	3.50

Valuation per ton of two thousand pounds.

180.4 pounds of soluble phosphoric acid	22 55
28.4 pounds of reverted phosphoric acid	2.84
34.6 pounds of insoluble phosphoric acid	2.08
55.6 pounds of nitrogen	13.35
62.8 pounds of potassium oxide	3.14
	$43,68

EXL AMMONIATED BONE SUPERPHOSPHATE.

Geo. W. Miles & Co.

Collected of D. W. Dwight, Northampton.

Moisture	20.65 per cent
Organic and volatile matter	56.51
Ash constituents	43 49
Total phosphoric acid	10.41
Soluble do do	7.38
Reverted do do	1,19
Insoluble do do	1 84
Nitrogen	2.24
Potassium oxide	4,07
Insoluble matter	4.07

Valuation per ton of two thousand pounds.

147.8 pounds of soluble phosphoric acid	18 45
23.8 pounds of reverted do	2.14
36.8 pounds of insoluble do	2.21
44.8 pounds of nitrogen	10.75
37.6 pounds of potassium oxide	1 88
	$35,43

AMMONIATED BONE SUPERPHOSPHATE.

Sent on by Geo. E. Craig, Boston.

Moisture	13.58 per cent
Organic and volatile matter	52.80
Ash constituents	47 20
Total phosphoric acid	9 82
Soluble do do	9.31
Insoluble do do	0,49
Nitrogen	2 59
Potassium oxide	1.88
Insoluble matter	6.48

Valuation per ton of two thousand pounds.

186.6 pounds of soluble phosphoric acid	23,33
9.8 pounds of insoluble do	.59
51.8 pounds of nitrogen	12.43
37.6 pounds of potassium oxide	1,88
	$38,23

BOWKER'S LAWNDRESSING.

Collected of Puffer & Wilder, Springfield

Moisture	11 68 per cent
Organic & volatile matter	50 43
Ash constituents	49 57
Total phosphoric acid	7.62
Soluble do do	5,05
Reverted do do	0.96
Insoluble do do	1 61
Nitrogen	3 73
Potassium oxide	5.78
Insoluble matter	9,60

Valuation per ton of two thousand pounds.

101.0 pounds of soluble phosphoric acid	12.62
29.8 pounds of reverted do	2.68
21.6 pounds of insoluble do	1.30
74 6 pounds of nitrogen	17.90
115.6 pounds potassium oxide	5,78
	$40,28

POTATO FERTILIZER.

Mapes Complete Fertilizer Co.

Collected of Messrs. Newton & Fuller, Springfield.

Moisture	11 63 per cent
Organic & volatile matter	47.74
Ash constituents	42.26
Total phosphoric acid	8.38
Soluble do do	2.89
Reverted do do	2.80
Insoluble do do	2 99
Nitrogen	3.13
Potassium oxide	5,45
Insoluble matter	4.74

Valuation per ton of two thousand pounds.

51 8 pounds of soluble phosphoric acid	6,48
56.0 pounds of reverted do	5 04
39.8 pounds of insoluble do	2.39
62.4 pounds of nitrogen	14,97
109.6 pounds of potassium oxide	5,45
	$35,63

THE STANDARD SUPERPHOSPHATE.

Collected of Messrs. Whitemore Bros, Boston.

Moisture	22.48 per cent
Organic and volatile matter	41 10
Ash constituents	58 90
Total phosphoric acid	10.72
Soluble do do	[illegible]
Reverted do do	2.18
Insoluble do do	2.27
Nitrogen	2.64
Potassium oxide	2 09
Insoluble matter	7.41
Magnesium oxide	1.58

Valuation per ton of two thousand pounds.

125.4 pounds of soluble phosphoric acid	15.68
43.6 pounds of reverted do	3.92
45.4 pounds of insoluble do	2.72
52.8 pounds of nitrogen	12.67
41.8 pounds of potassium oxide	2.09
	$ 37.08

COMPLETE MANURE.

Messrs. Whittemore Bros, Wayland, Mass.

Sent on for examination.

Moisture	6.30 per cent
Organic and volatile matter	54.88
Ash constituents	45.12
Total phosphoric acid	15 36
Reverted do do	4 92
Soluble do do	7,20
Insoluble do do	3.24
Nitrogen	2.94
Insoluble matter	1,30

Valuation per ton of two thousand pounds.

144.0 pounds of soluble phosphoric acid	$18.00
98 4 pounds of reverted do	8,86
64.8 pounds of insoluble do	4.86
58.6 pounds of nitrogen	14.06
	$44,81

COMPLETE GRASS MANURE.

Horton and Phelps, Northampton, Mass.

Moisture	9.26 per cent
Organic and volatile matter	35,10
Ash constituents	64 90
Phosphoric acid	6,34
Potassium oxide	4.67
Insoluble matter	0 57
Nitrogen	5,40

Valuation per ton of two thousand pounds.

130,8 pounds of phosphoric acid	$7,84
108.0 pounds of nitrogen	25,92
93,4 pounds of potassium oxide	4.77
	$38,53

APPENDIX.

Composition of some Compounds in Fertilizers.

One hundred parts of :—

Nitric acid contain 26 parts of nitrogen

Ammonia contain 82,35 parts of nitrogen.

Pure nitrate of potassa (saltpetre) contain 53,4 parts of nitric acid and 46 6 parts of potassium oxide.

Pure nitrate of soda (Chili saltpetre) contain 63.25 parts of nitric acid.

Chloride of potassium contain 52.4 parts of potassium, 63,1 parts of potassium oxide, and 47,6 parts of chlorine.

Pure sulphate of potasia contain 54,9 parts of potassium oxide and 46 parts of sulphuric acid.

Bone-phosphate (tricalcic phosphate) contain 46 parts of phosphoric acid and 54 parts of calcium oxide [lime].

Calcined gypsum contain 41 parts of calcium oxide [lime] and 59 parts of sulphuric acid.

Uncalcined pure gypsum contain 32.5 parts of calcium oxide [lime], 46 5 parts of sulphuric acid, and 21 parts of water.

Carbonate of lime can aim 56 parts of calcium oxide [lime] and 44 parts of carbonic acid.

Sulphate of magnesia [free of water] contain 33.3 per cent of magnesium oxide [magnesia] and 66,6 per cent of sulphuric acid.

C. A. GOESSMANN.

Amherst, Mass., Feb. 1883.

The Ploughman.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEB. 17, 1883.

☞ *Persons desiring a change in the address of their paper must state where the paper has been sent as well as the new direction.*

The death of ex-Gov. Morgan of New York is hourly expected, at the time when we pen this paragraph.

It is not probable that an agreement can be reach between the friends and opponents of the poll-tax.

It is barely possible, provided there are not too many projects on foot in its favor, that the Cape Cod Canal will be cut.

The New York State board of Health has found, through its experts, that out of forty samples of butter twenty-one were not genuine.

New business cannot be introduced in the Legislature during the present session. The time allowed for it expired on Wednesday last.

The relations heretofore existing between the Boston and Lowell and the Concord Railroads is announced to be terminated, to take effect on the 28th inst.

The funeral of Ex Governor Jewell of Connecticut took place at Hartford on Wednesday afternoon. The flags were at half-mast, and the ceremonies were highly impressive.

The Legislature is to be petitioned to grant an extension of time within which the erection of a building on Dartmouth street for the uses of a public library must be begun.

The suspension of the Bay State Iron Company is the sensation in local business circles this week. A meeting of the stockholders was at once held, to decide what action it was best to take.

A meeting is to be held in this city on the 22d inst, for the purpose of organizing a National Citizens' League for suppressing the sale of liquor to minors and to enforce the existing laws relating to the liquor traffic, in the different States.

The death of Wagner, the composer, was entirely unexpected. He was seventy years old, but supposed to be possessed of great vitality. His death occurred in Venice on Tuesday afternoon. He is admitted to be the greatest representative of the modern school of music. He aimed to create a new form of art, by making the musical drama the highest form of music and the drama.

THE SEASON OF LENT.

The sacred seasons and days set apart by the Church for ceremonial observance, though they may have been long and faithfully observed in the older countries from which they are transferred to our own, have not as yet by any means taken such root in the soil of Puritan New England as to be regarded as indigenous in any sense. Still, they are accepted in a far more kindly and hospitable spirit than they were a generation or two ago, and promise visibly to yield such fruit as our very practical and not too reverential age is capable of assisting in the production of Lent as a season which the Church from the beginning set apart for fasting and prayer. It is the only season in the entire year that publicly invites to the life which all confess to be both desirable and admirable.

Viewed in a practical light only, which is the one in which it would first have to be presented, a season of fasting, accompanied with prayerful exercises of the spirit, cannot be otherwise than beneficial to us all, the sick and feeble excepted, in the physical as well as the spiritual sense. We begin to emerge from the peculiar life of winter, cumulative as it is of the elements which tend to weaken our physical nature by the severe digestive work it has had to do, more or less clogged, wearied, stupefied, and therefore in need of the gentle and steady corrective and purgation which a prolonged season of fasting is alone able to supply. The season of Lent should primarily commend itself to us on this account, for the spirit is never even measureably purified of the grossness of the flesh until the latter has been brought into measurable subjection.

THE COINAGE OF SILVER.

The Congressional committee have positively decided not to favor the suspension of silver coinage, and so it will go on as before, at the rate of not less than two million nor more than four million dollars per month. The accumulation of silver dollars now amounts to so large a sum in bulk as to embarrass the storage resources of the Treasury, which is compelled to hire vaults of private companies for putting away what it has no real use for. There is still a class of men who seem to think that those who would put a stop to silver coinage entertain a blind hostility to silver for its own sake alone, and would fain gratify their grudge by eliminating silver from the currency. On their own part, they seem to fail utterly to see the increasing peril of this rapid and cumbrous accumulation of silver dollars, that it tends to a steady deterioration of the value of the silver currency itself, and that it drives gold out of the country at the same time that it more and more prohibits its importation. None are so much interested in the stable character of the currency as the large body of people who earn wages and spend money in small amounts.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE STATE BOARD.

The State Board of Agriculture held its first regular meeting for the present year at the State House on Tuesday, Feb. 6, the sessions continuing Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. The attendance was a full one, evincing the extent and nature of the interest felt in the cause of agriculture throughout the State. His Excellency Governor Butler presided, and opened the exercises with appropriate remarks. He spoke of the farming interest as one of the leading ones in the State, and as the fundamental one in the prosperity and advancement of the nation.

Among the members of the Board who were present the venerable Marshall P. Wilder, whose personal interest in agricultural matters at the age of eighty-five years continues unabated, and whose recent re-election as a member for the term of three years elicited the congratulations of all. It is needless to say that Col. Wilder, with his large and varied experience as a devotee of agriculture and horticulture, imparts great weight and solid character to a Board to which he gives his valuable services, and confers dignity and ornament where it is appreciated to the fullest extent.

Professor Goessmann of the State Agricultural College was likewise present, bringing the numerous invaluable suggestions which are the ripened fruit of his agricultural studies and pursuits. On the second day of the meeting, Hon. James S. Grinnell of Greenfield occupied the chair. The reading of the reports of visiting delegates to the county fairs was continued from the first day's session, and Prof. Goessmann read a paper on Commercial Fertilizers. It was also voted to hold the next annual "Country Meeting" of the Board at Lowell, on the first Wednesday of December. One report on visits to county fairs was recommitted.

The meetings throughout were large and enthusiastic. Secretary Russell was reelected Secretary of the Board by a unanimous vote. Prof. Goessmann, in his paper, expressed the opinion that Commercial Fertilizers will be cheaper than last year, and of better quality. We publish his official report in this issue of the *Ploughman*.

THE PESTS OF AGRICULTURE.

Assaults on either individuals or associations are potent only as their motives are commendable. To deliberately attack an agricultural society because of an envious spirit or baffled ambition, is only exposing the aggressor while doing no harm to the object assailed. For reasons which, like the spores of disease that float in the atmosphere, have been coursing on the currents of feeling that flow in and out of a certain class of minds, the New England Agricultural Society has for a long time past been the recipient of the shafts of blackguard wit and cheap ribaldry, as if it were organized and operated for the special purpose of obstructing the advance of agricultural ideas and interests, and bringing the cause itself into public disrepute. No declared hostility to agricultural interests could be met from such sources with a more determined feeling that it should be put down at the cost of any effort whatever.

It is not easy to make such a reply to these meanly intended assaults as they merit, for the reason that it would have to be made in the spirit of the assaults themselves, and that is fortunately one that is not a prevailing one in any healthy society. No self-respecting individual or society would seriously think of defending himself or itself from the shafts of sheer blackguardism. When anything like spirit is shown in repelling such a demonstration of impotent envy and discontent, it is never to be mistaken for a reply in kind, and in fact it never is. The New England Agricultural Society is above the reach of these assaults, and long has been. If it is thought that they can affect in the remotest manner its character, its policy, or its administration, the expectation alone proves the trivial nature of the attacking parties, and convinces all persons of the needlessness of paying them any serious attention.

No journal, with a recognized standing and influence, that makes a profession of devoting itself to the cause of agricultural advancement, would permit itself, even by the slip of an expression, to be considered hostile to any organization that was working earnestly and successfully for the promotion of the same cause. The New England Society is accused of being "dead," and, though dead, holding its annual meetings merely to go through the motion. If no other answer to such a statement would suffice to crush its features out of all chance of future recognition, this single fact in reply would, namely, that from the year 1870 to the year 1882, both inclusive, its aggregate annual receipts have amounted to over a quarter of a million of dollars, or to be exact $288,242.56. The annual meeting of the Society on Tuesday Feb. 6th, in Boston, with a midwinter attendance of between two and three hundred members from the different New England States, silences at once the unfounded charges that the farmers have utterly lost faith in its usefulness as an agricultural organization.

The co-workers in the agricultural field in New England are not inspired by any such feeling as this. They are in earnest about a very different matter. To publicly style a Society like the one which has the United States Commissioner of Agriculture for its President the organization of charlatanry, is the height of an effrontery which must necessarily exhaust the force of all the talents of its misguided assailants. If they make this disgusting exhibition of feeling because they have discovered that they cannot get the Society into their own control, they only supply all the reasons why the Society flourishes as it certainly would not if they were unfortunately associated with its management.

A WEEK OF WORK.

Last week was a busy and laborious week throughout for agricultural interests, at their several headquarters in Boston. It might appropriately be styled *a great agricultural week.* The three events that were crowded into it were the annual meeting of the New England Agricultural Society at its Hall, No. 45 Milk Street; the three days' meeting of the State Board of Agriculture, which run into the fourth day's session, at the State House; and the meeting of the Trustees of the State Agricultural College, also at the State House. It is needless to say that these gatherings called together the representative agriculturists of Massachusetts and New England.

The meeting of the New England Agricultural Society took place on Tuesday, and, as already reported, was an assemblage in force of the first farmers of New England. They were present from all the six States alike. The meeting of the State Board, as already stated, continued its sessions through four days together, and was of unusual interest in all respects. As is well known, the Board is composed of men who are chosen by the several county agricultural societies on account only of their recognized proficiency and requirements in some particular branch of agricultural or horticultural knowledge. The sessions at length developed into one of the most instructive and thorough discussions on farming topics that was ever had within the limits of the State.

An adequate report of this most interesting discussion will be presented in a future issue of the *Ploughman.* John E. Russell, Esq., the accomplished and popular successor of Secretary Flint, was reelected Secretary of the Board for the ensuing year. An adjourned meeting of the Trustees of the State Agricultural College was also held at the State House on Friday, the 9th inst., at which there was a full attendance of the members. Gov. Butler presided at each of these meetings, and in many ways manifested his official sympathy with the concerted efforts of the farmers to push forward the agricultural interests of the State to their rightful advance position. The week was in all respects a highly profitable one for farmers. This winter work is the outlay for the approaching seasons, whose results are certain to be detected in the autumn affairs and harvests.

WHAT CONGRESS IS DOING.

The Senate has got down towards the bottom of the schedules in the tariff bill, and a final vote is promised by the end of the present week.

In the House a discussion which for a time threatened a personal altercation took place between two Western members.

The river and harbor bill was reported in the same branch, and re-committed to the commerce committee. It appropriates nearly eight millions altogether, as against nearly nineteen millions last year. One quarter of this amount goes to the Mississippi River. The great sea coast States do not all of them get so much as Texas alone, with its three harbors that claim to be of any importance. New England gets less than $150,000.

The bill proposing to return less than a million dollars of indemnity money to the Japanese government and to retain over a million dollars interest, is being actively urged by a powerful lobby.

Much surprise is expressed that General Hasen does not call for an inquiry into the grave charges which have been brought against him in the House of Representatives.

Gen. Grant and Mr. Treacott, commissioners to negotiate a treaty of commerce with Mexico, appeared before the Senate committee to urge the adoption of the treaty, of which he expressed confident hopes.

There is considerable gossip over promised changes in the Senate committees.

The expectation is becoming general that an extra session will be called, in which case the committee changes are said to be certain to be made.

The Senate judiciary committee agreed to report for passage a bill providing for the purchase of the entire Arlington estate, at a total cost of $150,000.

The President sent in a number of executive nominations.

The tariff debate discloses strong and groundless sectional prejudices.

AT THE STATE HOUSE.

In the Senate, the first step was taken in the vindication of the late Hon. Oakes Ames by the presentation of a resolve, on leave, requesting the Senators and Representatives of Massachusetts in Congress to use their utmost endeavors to have the resolution of censure which was adopted by the Forty-second Congress expunged from the record.

The committee on elections reported against biennial elections as the "Discovery." John Willis, of Elyria, Ohio, writes: "The Golden Medical Discovery does positively cure consumption, as, after trying every other medicine in vain, this succeeded." Mr. E. T. Phelps of Cuthbert, Ga., writes: "The Golden Medical Discovery has cured my wife of bronchitis and incipient consumption." Sold by druggists.

Water Everywhere.—The effects of the winter floods in the West, particularly in the Ohio Valley, are indeed appalling to contemplate. Towns and villages along the river banks are wholly submerged, and communication with them is both difficult and dangerous. The suffering and misery caused by this state of affairs is all but indescribable. If the waters were to recede all at once, it will be a considerable time before matters can resume their former condition. Mills, machine shops, foundries, and manufactories of all kinds, in which thousands of persons are employed, have been either destroyed or so badly injured as to throw the workmen out of employment for a long time. It is estimated that from thirty to forty thousand workmen are out of employment by the enforced closing of the different manufactories. The Ohio legislature has passed a measure appropriating relief, Chicago, New York, and other cities have offered assistance. The gas gave out, and the city of Cincinnati was left in darkness. A depot was carried away with the flood, in which were a hundred persons, many of whom were drowned. Louisville is suffering from a similar catastrophy in consequence of the washing out a dam. The loss of life is considerable. The larger portion of the city was flooded with water, and the people in the immediate districts barely escaped with their lives.

☞ Mrs. Rebecca C. Richardson, of South Peabody, Mass., celebrated her ninety-first birthday on Tuesday the 6th of February, 1883.

Comptroller Knox has written a letter to Secretary Payne of the executive committee of the Pacific Bank stockholders, saying that without a question gross and outrageous frauds have been perpetrated and a great wrong done, and giving it as his opinion that the officers of the bank, meaning the directors, are responsible for the losses, and should be so held by the stockholders. There was talk of a compromise between the latter and a syndicate, to be effected through the directors, that would avail all threatened litigation with its accompanying costs.

— Holland proposes to demonetize a large part of the silver now in circulation in that country.

☞ All men agree on one point, viz: That death from heart disease is rapid. The symptoms sometimes manifest themselves for years, and then again only for months. All of the thousands who have used Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator as soon as these symptoms appear, have been saved. It is the *only specific* for this malady.

— People are now beginning to look forward with renewed hopes to spring; March is a bleak month, but it excites different feelings from its immediate predecessors, from the simple fact that "it bears the gentle name of Spring."

☞ For Colds And Throat Disorders use Brown's Bronchial Troches. "I have never changed my mind respecting them from the first, except I think yet better of that which I began by thinking well of"—[Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. Sold only in boxes. Price 25 cents.

— Merchandise, stock and money markets have been dull of late, which leads good judges to predict an early revival. Still, there are many circumstances against it.

Nervous Sufferer.—A dose of Vegetine, taken just before going to bed, will ensure a comfortable night's rest to the nervous sufferer.

— Captain Eddl's jetties on the Mississippi are a success, admitting large vessels to New Orleans.

☞ The old fashioned Hop Bitters or bane is far superior to a *Hop Poultice* as a pain killer and strengthener. Call for it at any drug store.

— Gen. James Watson Webb, of New York, the veteran journalist and diplomatist, reached his eighty-first birthday last week.

☞ "Wheat Bitters." A powerful invigorator in cases of *weakness and debility,* and invaluable in Female Complaints. Price $1 00 per bottle.

— The American continent now beats the world in the number of its judges and lawyers.

☞ Consumption in its early stages is readily cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," though, if the lungs are wasted to quite an extent, and the cough is severe, remedy possesses such soothing and healing influence over all scrofulous, tuberculous, and throat and lung affections as this "Discovery." John Willis, of Elyria, Ohio, writes: "The Golden Medical Discovery does positively cure consumption, as, after trying every other medicine in vain, this succeeded." Mr. E. T. Phelps of Cuthbert, Ga., writes: "The Golden Medical Discovery has cured my wife of bronchitis and incipient consumption." Sold by druggists.

— A special session of Congress may become necessary.

☞ Humanity's great hope for the future is alone to be realized in improved conditions of matrimony. What a profound obligation does this fact involve? Those who realize the responsibility can hardly do better than take advice from Dr. Lydia E. Pinkham, whose medicine is remedies for the cure of all diseases peculiar to women are so justly celebrated. Send for pamphlet.

— It is thought that not less than fifteen thousand steam boilers are in use in the cities of New York and Brooklyn.

☞ Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the most potent blood purifier, and a fountain of health and strength. Be wise in time. All baneful infections are promptly removed by this unequalled alterative.

— The rainy weather is said to have stopped business in the rural districts of Georgia in the last two months.

THE TALE OF THE FALSE TEETH.

False teeth may tell lies in a quiet way. But a real tooth tells the solemn truth when it sends its messages of pain through all the nerves and muscles of the face. "I have the tooth ache!" is the almost audible howl. And the echo is "Yes, and the tooth-ache has made" When the pain is gone, a note in a decayed tooth, something must be done. Get Perry Davis's Pain Killer.

— A bill has been introduced in the Connecticut legislature, providing that the bodies of executed murderers shall be privately buried by the officer conducting the execution, thus saving at least one State from the disgraceful scenes which are enacted at the funerals of hanged murderers.

☞ Take notice that the manufacturers of Thatcher's Orange Butter Color never speaks ill of the product of others. They vouch in it for its weakness, in honor only. See advertisement. feb10-2t

— A grower of watermelons in Georgia last year cleared nine thousand dollars on one hundred acres. Seven thousand acres of melons will be planted this year, it is thought.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. Joseph T. Inman, *Station D., New York City.* dec6-y

— An ice crop aggregating two and a half millions has been gathered on the Hudson River and safely housed.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, *14 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.* oct14-13t-cow

☞ *Darling's Animal Fertilizer,* manufactured at Pawtucket, R. I., is accepted as standard, and as such the manufacturers aim to keep it. The firm obtain daily, at their new works in Chicago, material from one thousand cattle, and keep in constant use four of the largest sized drying machines that are made. Their chemicals are purchased at the most favorable rates. Their animal fertilizer bears the stamp of analysis by Profs. Goessmann and Sabin, and they generally contain only ten per cent. of moisture.

Mr. George T. Downing protests against the efforts making by the American Colonization Society to induce the black men of this country to emigrate to Siberia. He warns his friends not to receive the Society's representations with any favor, and thinks that no great good is to be expected from general emigration.

REVITALIZING A WORN OUT SYSTEM.

An elderly lady in East Orleans, Mass., after a year's use of Compound Oxygen, reports that, through its vitalizing effects, she has been able to keep about in her little store, and earn enough for her daily needs "I commenced," she said, "using your Compound Oxygen a year ago last April; have had in all, three supplies. For more than a year I have not failed to be able to be in my little store, and, averaging sales, earn enough for the day's needs. *This I esteem a very great blessing, and as I believe the ability to do this was due to the use of the Compound Oxygen,* I have wished others on the down-hill side of life, and obliged (because unable to work) to depend on others for support, could know, as I do, *its power to renew waning abilities of both mind and body.*"

Our treatise on Compound Oxygen, its nature, action, and results, with reports of cases and full information, *sent free.* Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 and 1111 Girard street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mass. Horticultural Society.—The subject for discussion on Saturday, Feb. 17 will be, "New and useful shrubs and the best methods of propagating."

The elevated railroad question has got into the Legislature again, and will evidently be pushed with all the influence possible. The opposition to the scheme is not less energetic than the support of it, and between the two the question bids fair to become an interesting one during the session.

Kanoka, Mo., Feb 9, 1880.

I purchased five bottles of your Hop Bitters of Bishop & Co. last fall, for my daughter, and am well pleased with the Bitters. They did her more good than all the medicine she has taken for six years. Wm. T. McClure.

The above is from a very reliable farmer, whose daughter was in poor health for seven or eight years, and could obtain no relief until she used Hop Bitters. She is now in as good health as any person in the country. We have a large sale, and they are making remarkable cures.

W. H. Bishop & Co.

Domestic Markets.

BOSTON PRODUCE MARKET.

Wholesale Prices.

Beans.—Market quiet, and prices show a decline of nominally 5c. We quote large handpicked pea-beans at $2 60@2 65; small do at $2 50@2 55, and screened do at $2 50@2 55; medium, screened at $2 25@2 45, and handpicked do at $2 50@2 55; choice improved yellow eyes at $3 35@3 40; old-fashioned yellow eyes at $3 25@3 30; red kidneys nominal at $3 30@3 40. Canada peas continue dull at 90@$1 00 ⅌ bush for common roasting, and $1 10@1 20 for choice. Split peas are quiet at $6 00@6 25 ⅌ bbl, with green at $1 40@1 50 ⅌ bush for choice Western, and $1 15@1 00 for Northern.

Seeds.—Prices are unchanged. We quote Western timothy, fair to good at $2 00@2 15; prime at $2 25@2 35; choice at $2 40@2 50; Western clover at 12½@14c ⅌ lb, and Northern at 13@14c ⅌ lb; New Jersey red-top at $3 25, and Western do at $3 25 ⅌ sack; millet is at $1 25 ⅌ bush; German do at $1 50.

Fruit.—Choice No. 1 apples are steady, some fancy freshly-packed stock selling at $4. We quote good cooking apples at $2 00@3 00 ⅌ bbl; choice Baldwins at $3 50@3 75, with some freshly packed stock at $4 00, and greenings at $3 00@3 25, with some fancy higher. Evaporated apples are quiet but firm at 13@18c, while Northern and Eastern quarters and sliced command 8@10c ⅌ lb, and North Carolina sliced at 8@12c ⅌ lb. We quote Palermo and Messina lemons at $1 75 @4 00 ⅌ box; and $3 50@4 50 ⅌ case; Valencia oranges at $5 00@6 00 ⅌ case for regular size, with large at $7 00@9 00; Palermo and Messina oranges at $2 25@3 00 ⅌ box, and $3 00@3 50 ⅌ case. Bananas are in light supply, and selling at $2 50@3 00 ⅌ bunch. Malaga grapes are in fair demand at $5 50@6 50 for 11 lb kegs, with heavy weights at $6 50@9 00 ⅌ bbl.

Truck.—Prices generally unchanged. We quote cranberries at $11 00@12 00 for country and 13 00@14 00 for Cape; native cabbage at $1 50@1 75 ⅌ bbl; beets at $1 00 ⅌ bush; turnips dull at 50c ⅌ bush; Southern at $1 50 ⅌ bbl; white French, $2 00@2 25 ⅌ bbl. Celeriac at 50c ⅌ bush; round at 75@$1 00; Western at $75@80 ⅌ bbl; Western yellow onions at $2 25@2 50 ⅌ bbl, with Jersey at $3 00@3 50 ⅌ bbl; Southern at $2 ⅌ bush; Western sweet potatoes at $3 00@3 50 ⅌ bbl; Jersey at $3 50@4 00 ⅌ bbl; Norfolk spinach at $3 00@3 50 ⅌ bbl.

Potatoes.—There is a fair business doing at quotations. We quote Northern rose at 85@90c; Eastern rose at 88@95c; Prolifics at 85@95c; Peerless at 80c; white Rose at 80@90c; Northern sockling at 90c; silver dollars at 80@85c; Chenangoes at 75@80c ⅌ bush and Nova Scotia and New Brunswick rose at 82 50@2 62 ⅌ bbl. Sweets are steady at $2 75@3 00 ⅌ bbl for the best New Jersey.

Hay.—There is no change to note in the market. We quote choice prime hay at $17 00 ⅌ ton; with some fancy cars held at $18; mediums at $15@16; coarse at $13 00@14 00; and poor at $13 00@15 00, and damaged at $11 00@14 00, with Eastern swale at $9 00@10 00; prime straw dull at $13 00@14 00, and oat straw at $9 00@10 00 ⅌ ton.

Poultry.—Choice turkeys are very firm. Chickens continue quiet, with game dull. We quote eggs at 34@37c; Northern and Western chick

Winding up the Clock.

When the Weary Wheels Were Almost Still, A Lucky Accident Reveals the Lost Key.

"How long did you say you had it?"

"Twenty-five years."

"What! a bad cough, with occasional attacks of hemorrhage, for twenty-five years? Why, man, it's a mercy that there's a dozen pounds left of you."

Abraham Orner, of Highspire, Dauphin County, Pa., stuck to his statement, and when the exclamations of wonder ceased, he added:

"Exactly. You're right. It is a mercy. But the greatest mercy of all is that, before I actually coughed myself out of existence, I got hold of PARKER'S GINGER TONIC, and a few bottles of it cured me."

"*Cured* you! Relieved you, you mean?"

"I mean what I say: it cured me," said Mr. Orner, simply. "I feel like another man."

Please take especial notice: PARKER'S GINGER TONIC is not a mere *essence* of ginger; not a mere stomachic. The ordinary preparations of ginger are beneficial for transient ach s, but at that point their value *ends*. PARKER'S GINGER TONIC covers a far wider and totally different field. It attacks and disarms the radical and chronic diseases of the Lungs, Kidneys, Liver and Nerves. It is as delicious to the palate as it is prompt and effective in operation. Ginger is built into *many many* powerful curatives which the TONIC holds in combination. Test its virtues for that cough of yours, or for any of the ills which require an invigorant for the whole system.

And, above all, do not permit yourself to be misled. PARKER'S GINGER TONIC is the *only* thing else is "just the same," or "just as good." Price 50 cents and $1. Economy in buying the larger size. HISCOX & CO., New York.

jly-eow-2tf

DIAMOND DYES.

ONLY 10 CENTS FOR ANY COLOR.

THE Best Dyes Ever Made.

FOR SILK, WOOL, OR COTTON.

DRESSES, COATS, SCARFS, HOODS, YARN, STOCKINGS, CARPET RAGS, RIBBONS, FEATHERS, or any fabric or fancy article easily and perfectly colored to any shade. Black, Brown, Green, Blue, Scarlet, Cardinal Red, Navy Blue, Seal Brown, Olive Green, Terra Cotta and 20 other best colors. Warranted Fast and Durable. Each package will color one to four lbs. of goods. If you have never used Dyes try these once. You will be delighted. Sold by druggists, or send us 10 cents and any color wanted sent post-paid. 24 colored samples and a set of fancy cards sent for a 2c. stamp.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

GOLD and SILVER PAINT.

Bronze Paint. Artists' Black.

For gilding Fancy Baskets, Frames, Lamps, Chandeliers, and for all kinds of ornamental work. Equal to any of the high priced kinds and only 10cts. a package, at the druggists, or post-paid from WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

ap22-39-J-A-S-O-J-F-M

The Bad and Worthless

are never *imitated* or *counterfeited*. This is especially true of a family medicine, and it is positive proof that the remedy *imitated* is of the highest value. As soon as it had been tested and proven by the whole world that Hop Bitters was the purest, best and most valuable family medicine in use, numerous imitations sprung up and began to steal the notices in which the press and the people of the country had expressed the merits of H. B., and in every way trying to induce suffering invalids to use their stuff instead, expecting to make money on the credit and good name of H. B. Many others started nostrums put up in similar style to H. B., with variously devised names in which the word "Hop" or "Hops" were used in a way to induce people to believe they were the same as H. B. Bitters. All such pretended remedies or cures, no matter what their style or name is, and especially those with the word "Hop" or "Hops" in their name or in any way connected with them or their name, are imitations or counterfeiters. Beware of them. Touch none of them. Use nothing but pure Hop Bitters, with a bunch or cluster of green Hops on the white label. Trust nothing else. Druggists and dealers are warned against dealing in imitations or counterfeiters. ap16-y

KIDNEY-WORT

HAS BEEN PROVED The SUREST CURE for KIDNEY DISEASES.

Does a lame back or disordered urine indicate these symptoms? Are you BILIOUS? THEREIS NO HESITATE, use Kidney-Wort at once, (drug-gists recommend it) it will speedily cure you. Some the disease and restore healthy action.

Ladies, for complaints peculiar to your sex, such as pain and weaknesses, Kidney-Wort is unsurpassed, as it will promptly and safely relieve.

Either Sex. Incontinence, retention of urine, brick dust or ropy deposits, pain and irregularity in passing, all speedily yield to its curative power.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. Price $1.

KIDNEY-WORT

I have *prescribed* Kidney-Wort *with very great success* in a score or more obstinate cases of Kidney and Liver Troubles, also for female weaknesses.—Philip C. Ballou, M. D., Moukton, Vt.

"My *wife* has been *much benefited* from the use of Kidney-Wort. She had kidney and other complaints," writes Rev. A. B. Coleman, Fayetteville, Tenn.

KIDNEY-WORT

IS A SURE CURE for all diseases of the Kidneys and —LIVER—

It has specific action on this most important organ, enabling it to throw off torpidity and inaction, stimulating the healthy secretion of the bile, and by keeping the bowels in free condition, effecting its regular discharge.

Malaria. When malaria, have the chills, with torpidity, or constipated, Kidney-Wort will surely relieve and quickly cure.

Try it in spring to cleanse the System, every one should take a thorough course of it.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Price $1.

"I am a living advocate of the virtues of Kidney-Wort. I suffered untold agony from liver disorder. *It cured me.*"—Jno. D. Nevins, Springfield, Ohio.

KIDNEY-WORT

FOR THE PERMANENT CURE OF CONSTIPATION.

No other disease is so prevalent in this country as Constipation, and no remedy has ever equalled the celebrated Kidney-Wort as a cure. Whatever the cause, however obstinate the case, this remedy will overcome it.

PILES. THIS distressing complaint is very apt to be complicated with constipation. Kidney-Wort strengthens the weakened parts and quickly removes all kinds of Piles even when physicians and medicines have before failed.

IF You have either of these troubles PRICE $1. USE Druggists Sell

KIDNEY-WORT

"Constipation, in all its forms, yields to Kidney-Wort. In female diseases it is a *very successful*."—Dr. Philip C. Ballou, Moukton, Vt. Apr. 20-82.

KIDNEY-WORT

THE GREAT CURE FOR RHEUMATISM

As it is for all the painful diseases of the KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS.

It cleanses the system of the acrid poison that causes the dreadful suffering which only the victims of Rheumatism can realize.

THOUSANDS OF CASES of the worst forms of this fell disease have been quickly relieved, and in short time PERFECTLY CURED.

PRICE, $1. LIQUID OR DRY, SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Dry can be sent by mail.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington Vt.

KIDNEY-WORT

"I could find no remedy for my kidney complaint and rheumatism," writes Mr. A. B. Burr, of Temple's Mill, Florida, "until *I was cured* by Kidney-Wort." Exposure, incident to lumbering, caused Mr. Burr's disorders. aug26-y (rm)

No Gongs, No Banners.—"A Summer Idyl." From a Providence Merchant.

MR. GEORGE H. DAVIS, a fruit dealer at 297 Westminster Street, bears his grateful testimony to the unrivaled excellence of the production of one of our most skilful Providence Pharmacists. Mr. Davis says, "Last spring I was very greatly troubled with severe inflammation of the kidneys, and it became so bad that at times I urinated blood, and my sufferings were intense. My condition was so painful that for a while I was scarcely able to attend to business, and the severe pains would come so suddenly and severely that I would be obliged to leave a customer whom I might happen to be waiting upon. During a part of the time I was unable to walk, and scarcely knew what to do or which way to look for relief. At this time a friend recommended Hunt's Remedy. I took two bottles of it, and it took right hold of my disease and cured me very speedily, and I have experienced no trouble with my kidneys since.

"Furthermore, Hunt's Remedy has strengthened me very much, and since I began to use it I have been able to attend to business, and am all right now. I heartily recommend it to all. What it has done for me it will do for you who are afflicted."

Suffered for Twenty Years.

HON. JOSHUA TUTHILL, of East Saginaw, Mich., says, "Count me among the enthusiastic friends of Hunt's Remedy. It has proven in my case all you claim for it. Having suffered for about twenty years with severe disease of the kidneys (which our local physicians pronounced Bright's Disease), I made a journey East to consult the eminent Dr. Haven, of Hamilton, New York, of whose fame in this specialty I had heard much. Dr. Haven examined me carefully and simply said, 'Go and get a bottle of Hunt's Remedy and take according to directions.' After having travelled so far for treatment, it struck me as rather funny to be directed to take a medicine which I might have bought within a stone's throw of my own door; but I was in the doctor's hands, and of course I followed his advice, and right glad was I that I did so, for before I had taken Hunt's Remedy half a dozen times I found immense benefit from it, and by continuing the use of it for a limited time I recovered from my trouble entirely, and am to-day, I think, one of the most rugged of rugged Michiganders. The world is indebted to you, sir, for the promulgation of such a medicine, and I hope you may not go without your reward."

ly-eow26t

40 New (1883) Chromo Cards, no 2 alike, with name, 10c., postpaid. GEO. I. REED & CO., Nassau, N. Y. ian13-18t

READ AND RUN.

— The cost of living has been greatly increased in Paris by the enormously increased municipal debts and consequent local taxation. The increase of the city's population is slow for the same reason.

— Great preparations are making in Louisville for an industrial exhibition, which is to begin in August.

— Confusion and hardship have resulted in Canada since the repeal of the insolvency act in 1875, in consequence of the operations of the different systems of collecting debts in the different provinces.

— The dedication of one of Roger William's books states that it was written among "the native Indians of America, in their very wild houses, and by their barbarous fires."

— It has been made rather plain by actual experiment, that the scholar in politics is as persistent an office seeker as the man who does not happen to be so scholarly.

— The German Crown Prince and Princess have asked to have the vast memorial sums that had been raised by subscription for celebrating their silver wedding, given to the suffrers by the floods, and to the founding of charitable institutions.

— Judah P. Benjamin, of Southern Confederacy fame, has given up law practice in London. His physician had advised him to give up extended argument in court, on account of the state of his heart, though he is well otherwise.

— Prince Napoleon, the last French pretender, has been let out of prison by the courts. He will go to England and visit ex Empress Eugenie, and it is rumored that he will likewise start a newspaper.

— A man somewhere is said to have applied at a butcher shop for a liver-pad.

— Schliermann has made the discovery that the great wall of the ancient Acropolis, in Iliem was built of unbaked bricks, and was baked where it stood.

— A journey across the ocean is regarded as a much more formidable undertaking by a foreigner than by an American.

— A series of experiments with the atmosphere of Paris, continued through eight successive years, shows that the spores floating in the atmosphere vary from 3,000 in March to 54,000 in June, and moisture increases their number. The mortality from infectious diseases increases with the number of bacteria.

— Wiggins, the Canadian weather prophet, is entirely out in his predictions.

— The great trouble in France is over the representatives of former reigning families, who publicly act as pretenders to the throne to be set up.

— The unexpected removal of Warden Earle of the Massachusetts State Prison, has been the sensation at the State House this week.

— A protest has been sent to Congress against the further widening of Hell Gate, on the ground that it will result in shoaling the channel at Sandy Hook and the lower harbor.

— The street commissioners of New York dumped last year over a million and a quarter car loads of city refuse outside the bar, most of which is washed back on the bar, and is rapidly obstructing the mouth and channels of the harbor. To this is to be added the dumpage from the cities of Brooklyn, Hoboken, Newark, Jersey City, etc. The entire bay is thus being shoaled, only thirty feet showing now where forty years ago seventy feet existed.

— A commercial treaty is sought to be arranged between this country and Persia, with a view to benefiting American commerce in the East.

— Since the war closed, we have spent 369 millions on our navy, with the result of its decrease from 675 vessels to 139, and the most of them of no use.

— The old executive chamber at Albany has been given up to a strolling portrait painter for a paint shop to do private work of his own.

— The Ohio Valley is being inundated by another great flood. Ten miles of the water-front Cincinnati is under water, the gas supply was cut off, and general consternation prevailed.

— The Mutual Union Telegraph Company has leased its property to the Western Union Company for ninety-nine years.

— The further coinage of the new five cent nickel is to be stopped, it is said, owing to the ease with which it can be made to counterfeit a five dollar gold piece.

— Hon. Marshall Jewell, ex-Governor of Connecticut, and brother of the late Harvey Jewell of this city, died at Hartford on Saturday, at the age of fifty eight years.

— Mr. Garnett denies that the project of the Garnett-Bennett cable has been abandoned.

— The unexpected removal of Warden Earle of the Concord State Prison created a good deal of talk, and speculation is rife as to his successor.

— M. de Freycinet declines to form a new Cabinet in France.

—Gen. Hazen, the head of the weather service bureau, finds himself entangled in a dispute over his conduct toward his subordinates.

— The French prefect of police has found it necessary to issue a circular respecting the growth of the lottery mania in France. Many traders, especially wine shop keepers, make a pretence of giving away the tickets gratuitously to purchasers of different articles. The only lotteries allowed by law are those which are intended to benefit a work of charity.

— The great Handel festival to be held in London is to come off on the 13th of June, and to last a week.

— The Prince of Wales receives seventy thousand pounds annually from the entire duchy of Cornwall, of which the Scilly Islands forms a part.

— Canon Fleming said, in reference to the recent loss of the steamship Cimbria, that "the ocean has now become the highway for all the commerce of the world. Its travelers should be guarded by some stricter system of signals, such as we enjoy in a perfected railway system on shore, which in so marvellous a degree keeps accidents and loss of life within the smallest possible limit."

— Mexico has gone into the coinage of new nickel fractional currency.

— Thursday of next week is a legal holiday in this State, it being the birthday of Washington.

— On Wednesday night the Ohio River reached the highest point that it scored since the recent flood began. The merchants of Cincinnati are moving out of their stores and seeking places of safety. The people in the inundated towns along the river are in danger of starvation.

— Michigan continues to find it very difficult to elect a United States Senator, Senator Ferry has come within ten votes of an election at the present writing.

— Ex-Gov. Morgan of New York died on Wednesday morning, at the age of seventy two years.

— M. de Freycinet will probably succeed in forming a conciliation cabinet in France.

—Richard Wagner, the great composer, died of heart disease.

—The Massachusetts National Woman Suffrage Association convention is holding its sessions in Tremont Temple, in this city, during the current week.

—Col. Roland C. Usher, formerly United States Marshal, has been appointed and confirmed as Warden of the State Prison at Concord.

— Mr. Julius L. Clarke, State insurance commissioner, has resigned his office, and Mr. N. A. Plimpton has been appointed his successor.

— A movement is on foot to secure the Hollis Street Church for the permanent home of the Lowell Institute.

— The executors of the late Chief Justice Joel Parker of New Hampshire have notified the Trustees of Dartmouth College of their readiness to pay to the College the sum of fifty thousand dollars, as the first instalment of Judge Parker's bequest for the establishment of a law department.

St. Valentine.—This saint, dear chicky to the lovesick and to children, came off, according to annual custom, on Wednesday last, leaving but two full weeks remaining of winter. It is the last semi-holiday but one of the whole season, and that one is Washington's birthday, February 22d. The mails groan with their extraordinary labors on Valentine's Day, and the carriers grunt in sympathetic response. There is but little real expression left in Valentine's Day. The colors are pretty much faded out of it, yet it is kept alive by the force of habit, and is likely to exist until nonsense is swept wholly out of the world.

THE ELDEST DAUGHTER of ex-Senator Blaine was married in the new house of her father at Washington, Tuesday, at noon. There were some five hundred invitations issued, of which about three hundred were accepted and responded. The groom is a man past middle life, gray, and holding the rank of brevet-colonel in the regular army, stationed at Fort Leavenworth, under Gen. Pope. He is also a Roman Catholic. The bride is barely twenty one, of many attractions, and it is a case of love between the two parties. Among those present were President Arthur, Chief Justice Waite and Mrs. Waite, Gen. Sherman, wife and daughter, W. W. Corcoran, Gen. McClellan, wife and daughter, the Chinese, Turkish, French and Spanish ministers, Secretary Boutwell, Mr. George Bancroft, and other well known public men. The presents were many and valuable. The new house is pronounced the finest private residence in Washington.

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For twenty-two years Bradley's Super-phosphate has been the standard fertilizer of New England, as it is now of the United States. It owes its superiority to having all the elements of plant-food combined in the best proportions, to the high grade materials of which it is composed and to the great care taken in its manufacture, insuring an unequalled mechanical condition. It is a pure bone Super-phosphate, and, unlike other phosphates which are only claimed to contain one or two elements of plant-food, and recommended to be used only as helps in connection with other manure, this Phosphate contains

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It can therefore be used with or without barn-yard manure. For further particulars, send for pamphlet containing full directions for use and testimonials from many of the best farmers in New England, mailed free on any address upon application.

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ELKORNAH 4401.
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Elkornah is solid grey, full dark points, and is perfectly quiet and gentle. Enquire of

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Valley Farm, Framingham,
where many of his get can be seen. f. b17-1f

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The homestead of the late Lewis Brewer, deceased, situated it the eastern part of Southboro' on the road from Fayville to Framingham.

The Farm contains about 60 acres of land, including Tillage, Mowing and Pasture. It has a yet Cows and 2 Horses the year round, and there has been 4 to 6 tons of Hay sold yearly from the place. Produces about 175 barrels of merchantable apples and 1,000 barrels of cider apples in bearing year. Is well taken at the door. About one and one-half miles from Stores, Post Office, Church and Depot. One-half mile from good School. A branch of the Sudbury river passes through the Farm. Large two-story House containing 11 rooms; wood shed connected; all painted and blinded and in thorough repair. Cemented cellar. Good water in both House and Barn. Barn 50x36, with Carriage house connected; excellent cellar. The place must be sold this Spring, as the widow is left alone and cannot carry it on. For further particulars inquire of HENRY NEWTON, Fayville, Mass., and on the premises. AUGUSTA E. BREWER, Executrix.

Southboro', Feb. 12th, 1883. feb17-4t

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"HERBACEOUS PLANTS."

BY WARREN H. MANNING.

[From an address before the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, Saturday, Feb. 10.]

He said it is always safe to follow as near as possible the conditions in which a plant flourishes naturally, but if these are unknown we may be guided to a great extent by the appearance of the plant, which is often an indication of the soil it grew in, and may give it the treatment that has proved successful with similar plants. An aquatic or bog plant can usually be distinguished by its large cells, and soft, fleshy stems and leaves; a plant growing in dry, sandy, or gravelly soil, by the dry, harsh feeling of the stems and leaves, or the large, deep-growing tap root; while alpine and rock plants are generally small, and often fleshy, with long and fine hair like roots from a short root stalk. There are many exceptions to these rules. The ones are quite clearly marked between whole families of plants, and it is often a good way of determining the habit of a plant to find to what family it belongs. For example, the hardy North American species of orchids nearly all grow in moist, shady situations in woods or meadows, in a peaty or leaf-mould soil; the pink family in dry, well-drained soils; the composite, mint, and pea family, with few exceptions, in any good soil, and the iris family in wet, boggy situations.

Among those most difficult to cultivate are many of the alpines, but they are very beautiful and well repay all the trouble necessary to success, which can only be gained by patience and perseverance under repeated failure. In England, gardeners said that they could not be grown in the open ground, but William Robinson thought that with very little help ours could in it proper methods were used, and his success is shown in his book on "Alpine Flowers." But the treatment successful with him will not always be so here, though we may get many useful hints from it, for in England they do not have our scorching summer suns nor the frequent and sudden changes from freezing at night to a hot, burning morning sun without a veil of mist to modify its fierceness, which is so destructive to herbaceous plants. We cannot descend on the rockery as they can. Mr. Falconer of the Cambridge Botanic Garden, who has had much experience both in England and this country, says that most alpine plants that he has grown here do much better in the open border than in the rockery, and that they must not be in such a position as to allow the water to settle about them, and it is best to mulch them with stones to keep the soil about the roots at an even temperature and moisture.

We cannot depend on Europe for Alpine plants that will succeed here; but we have the White, Alleghany and Rocky mountains to draw from, and any traveler in those mountains will testify to the beauty of the flowers. It may be difficult to obtain these plants, but doubtless dealers in herbaceous plants, who have correspondents and collectors in all parts of the country, will get them when there is a demand for them. These difficult classes of plants should be taken in hand by amateurs who can be sufficiently enthusiastic to be gained to carry the work to a successful issue. Those in the business can generally grow only such as are salable. Orchids, ferns, Alpines and Sempervivums resemble alpines so far as regards water settling about the roots, for if it does it will rot the plants. But they will grow in very poor, dry soils, or on rocks in most barren and unpromising places; indeed, they are among the most available plants for covering rockeries.

Sand plants will usually do much better in their own soil than in a richer loam, for in the latter they are liable to make a strong growth of soil at the expense of the flowers, and the plant is very likely to be killed by the first hard frost, while if grown in a poor soil, it would blossom freely and ripen its growth and withstand frost. If any plant is not successful in one spot it should be moved to another. It is surprising to see what a little difference in soil or position will do for a plant; often a position where there is no perceptible difference from the former one will make all the difference between success and failure.

Most of our native plants are improved by removing them to cultivated ground where they are protected from the inroads of stronger-growing plants or weeds that would kill them out under the same conditions of soil in nature. The trilliums, for example, will make fine large clumps in the garden, while in their native woods, more than a single plant is seldom found in a place. The Jack-in-the-pulpit is greatly improved in the size of the plant, leaf and flower. *Aquilegia Canadensis*, or wild columbine, when cultivated cannot be excelled in habit of plant or beauty and abundance of flowers by any other species. *Lobelia cardinalis* or cardinal flower flourishes finely in all good garden soil. Wild calla, lizard's tail and many others are greatly improved by being cultivated, and there are many others should be improved by the same arts we have brought the tame plants and asters, larkspurs and hollyhocks to their present perfection.

In making a selection of the most desirable herbaceous plants we must see that there is a sufficient variety in color and in the flowers at all seasons, and also choose plants of good habit of growth and thoroughly tested, as it would be impossible to give a list that would be best for all localities, but a list of such as are most desirable in our climate for border gardens will be useful. Many of them, such as tulips, phloxes, pæonies and hollyhocks, are worthy of exclusive attention, and it would be a source of much pleasure for any one to make a specimen of certain flower in connection with his general collection, making it a specialty and improving it and its varieties as much as possible by hybridizing and selection and by propagating sports.

Mr. Manning's paper concluded with a list of sixty of the most desirable herbaceous plants, but he remarked that as many more equally good might be selected.

In the discussion that followed, Dr H. P. Walcott was called on and said that he had been successful in cultivating hardy native orchids in an artificial bog in a brick tank. The Oregon fringed tree, *Fraxinus Americana* had flowered two years, planted in living sphagnum. *Habenaria ciliaris* also flourished. *Rhexia Virginica* grew finely. *Liriophyllum latifolium

The Poet's Corner.

THE GRACES.

A VALENTINE.

When the faiths of the world were without a doubt,
And the loves of the world were true;
When the fires of the gods were not yet stamped out,
And the troubles of men were few,

Three goddesses walked by a shady stream,
'Neath the glowing skies of Greece,
Who were sprung from the father of gods supreme
And were Majesty, Joy and Peace.

And the men of those days, who their presence felt,
Had named them the Graces three;
And worshipped their smiles, at their altars knelt,
And sought for them steadfastly.

Ah, those were the days when a clear blue sky
Smiled down on a joyful earth,
Whose daughters and sons raised to heaven their cry
Of unfettered unfeigned mirth.

But though the sun has as warm a ray,
And the rivers as calmly flow;
Though the sea of to-day sings as sweet a lay,
And the flowers as brightly blow,

The faiths of to-day are no longer warm,
And the thoughts of to-day not calm;
The hymns of to-day can no longer charm,
And our troubles can find no balm.

In these days of sorrow and hopeless graves
When the winds of Time have called
On the ocean of Life fierce angry waves,
Man bows his head appalled.

Where now can we look for the forms of peace
Which our fathers worshiped of old?
Must the hope which they held forever cease?
Are the loves of the world all cold?

No; surely these maids of the past are here,
They are walking the world again;
Their eyes as of yore shine kindly and clear,
And they hate as of yore our pain.

Majestic Ethel, and Gertrude's mirth,
And the peace of Hilda's smile,
Have recalled to a doubting sorrowing earth
The pleasures it lost for a while.

And although our song must unworthy be
Of these Graces who haunt us to-day,
Yet the poets of Greece sang less truthfully,
And we worship as fondly as they.

Ladies' Department.

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman

AN INCIDENT.

In the spring of 1835, some business of considerable importance made it necessary either for my father to go to Peoria, Ill., or send a substitute. He being very busy at the time—after considering the matter a few days—he finally decided to entrust the matter to me—and I was told to prepare for the journey. My travels up to that time, having been confined within the limits of the old Bay State, I accepted the mission with a relish—that a similar appointment to the court of St. James would not equal to this day. My clothing was packed in a small trunk, my credentials, together with a small reserved fund, which I was not expected to use except in cases of unforeseen emergency, was concealed in an inside pocket of my undershirt and secured by two white horn buttons. A journey to Illinois in those days was a great undertaking—but few people had even seen with their own eyes her broad prairies and returned to relate the wonders of the *Far West*.

The name Chicago was not familiar to travellers, scarcely any one could spell it—and it was a rare thing to find two—who agreed in its pronunciation.

Railroads at that time were not common—the mail and passenger canal boat—was the palace car of inland travel. The whole journey was one of intense interest to a youngster like myself, and should I record all the thrilling incidents of that eventful tour, it would make a large volume full of poetic fact, truth is stranger than fiction.

One of these incidents for its singularity and the impression it made on my mind at the time, I propose very briefly to relate.

We took the boat to New York, thence to Philadelphia and Lancaster by rail where we made close connection with a canal boat bound to Holydayburg—thence on the Portage railroad over the Alleghanies to Johnston, where a canal boat in waiting took us to Pittsburg. Here we stopped over to get rested, and to procure our tickets for St. Louis. We found three boats bound to that port, viz., the Mooselle a new untried boat, the Reportar and the London. After making all due inquiries and registering a whole thower of entreatries to take some other boat, we decided to embark our fortunes in the London for good and sufficient reason, among which are the following which I remember. She was an old boat, and had made the trip safely many times. The Captain did not approve of racing with other boats and she kept an open bar, *free* to all through passengers.

It was a bright pleasant morning in April when we left the smoky city. The river being high and the current strong and in our favor we glided down the stream at a rapid rate.

Although the boats which advertised to leave an hour later than we did, passed us and were soon out of sight; it only served to convince us, that our Captain was a prudent man, and that our boat though slow, was safe and sure. I think we had passed Bienerhassett's Island—that spot immortalized by the eloquence of Wirt, when at a signal from the pilot house, the engine suddenly stopped. On the Ohio bank of the river was a large lumber ranch, several sawmills, a clump of log-houses and one or two framed houses that were painted, and from this nook a small boat containing two men had signaled the steamer, and in a few minutes were alongside. A young man of about 19 years of age, in his shirt sleeves, with a pea jacket on his arm, and having a small bundle in his hand, came on board; when the engine began to move and we went on, dressed as he was, it was very plain that he was going down the river a short distance in search of a job. He carried in his hand a small bundle apparently somewhat weighty, securely tied up in a heavy cotton bandanna, and I might as well say right here while he remained on board the boat, he was never seen without that bundle in his hand.

He gave evasive answers to all inquiries relating to himself, his bundle, or his destination.

The boat stopped at most all the towns and villages on the river, and as he was not inclined to leave, he became an object of much speculation among the passengers.

His bundle evidently contained some thing heavy—and at last it flashed upon us, it contained specimens of ore, and he was going to Cincinnati to have it assayed. One man said that he *knew* that was his business when he first came on board, and in fact it struck me that nothing but stupidity could have prevented our solving the mystery a long time before we did.

But when the boat left Cincinnati, to our utter chagrin, this theory suddenly exploded, as he was found in the saloon, bundle in hand, intently watching a game of euchre. This was a new and popular game in the West at that time, and I have no doubt but what our hero would have played all the time, could he have done so with one hand. Passing a few incidents of the voyage, we arrived at St. Louis in due time and immediately took passage on a small boat called the River Belle, which was to take us to our destination on the Illinois river.

Although many of the passengers left us at St. Louis, and others dropped out at different towns as we ascended the river—our friend "Bandanna," as he was now called, seemed determined to follow us to our journey's end. As the boat stopped along on our way up for wood and passengers we learned that the rivers were much swollen and that new and dangerous snags had concealed themselves in the channel, and the pilot was advised to proceed with extreme caution.

Deserted log houses and partially submerged villages on the banks of the river were no uncommon sight, and driftwood seriously impeded the progress of the boats. At Naples several men with their families came on board; they talked of deserted farms the flooded prairie and general distress and stampede of the settlers, and pronounced it the most disastrous rise that had occurred since the county was settled. Its effect on the crops, speculation and emigration were freely discussed, and all were more or less affected by this gloomy intelligence.

"Bandanna," though silent, was an eager listener. The rise had evidently affected his interest, whatever it might be, and he was unable to disguise the act.

His bundle seemed burdensome, he was exceedingly nervous and avoided company—yet no one for a moment presumed to question him as to his interest, his plans or his destination. Towards night we stopped at Meridocie to land some freight and passengers, a small town on the bank of the river. No sooner was the gang plank run out than our friend was seen on the bank talking rapidly with the driver of a two-horse dray. What was he saying? Who could guess? He returned to the boat, and we were again soon stemming the current.

At the tea table I noticed that the seat usually occupied by our hero was vacant, and after tea I determined to look him up. I found him on the hurricane deck alone, eagerly watching the east shore of the river—which in many places seemed removed miles out on the prairie. The scene presented was delightful, but a shadow rested on his brow, and in it he evidently saw no beauty. After watching him awhile I approached him. My curiosity could be restrained no longer, and I ventured to ask him what he was thinking about and what business he had with the driver of the place below. He made an effort to smile, and, I thought, was rather pleased at my impudence. His reply was, "*Massachusetts*, you are a Yankee, and I would like to talk with you, but cannot now. The next time I see you I will tell you all."

We arrived at Beardstown about 9 P. M. The river being full of driftwood and the current strong, the captain decided to bank his fires and remain there over night. When the breakfast bell rang the next morning, Bandanna's chair was again vacant, and while thinking of his promise to me the evening previous, the clerk informed us that he left the boat at Beardstown at daylight in the morning.

Our game had flown, but it was a long time before this human puzzle ceased to engage my thoughts.

About six weeks from this time, having finished my business, I returned to St. Louis and took passage for Cincinnati on the steamer Swiss Boy, with Capt. Powers.

The boat was about ready to leave the landing, and I stood on the guard, straining my eyes to discover a familiar face among the crowd that came on board—when, to my utter astonishment I had a partial glimpse of what seemed to be Bandanna—but no, it could not be, for another glance revealed the fact that he had no bundle and my heart very sensibly settled down. This incident gave rise, however, to a train of thought, regarding the strange adventurer, and while I was speculating, as I had done a thousand times before, as to his destiny—some one seized my hand, and saluted me with—"How are you, old Massachusetts?" The recognition of course was mutual. But he was a changed man, his eye had regained its lustre—his countenance beamed with the consciousness of a proud achievement, and he seemed to be boiling over with an exuberance of good nature. To have called him Bandanna there, would have been an insult, and I would have no more done it than I would have called him Beelzebub. Seeing the corner of the familiar handkerchief sticking out of his pea jacket pocket, I exclaimed, but where is your bundle? at which he laughed heartily, and replied—I promised you the whole story and you shall have it all before we get to Cincinnati.

THE STORY.

Abreast of where I boarded the London you may remember of seeing a large lumber ranch containing mills, log houses, and store houses, &c. Well, about the time I was born my father and an elder brother who was never married bought a tract of timber land comprising about 1,200 acres. They built those two large mills next to the river, and did a staving business for a long time, when one day my father and uncle had some sharp words, about some trifling matter, and that night my uncle left the ranch. He owned an equal interest with father—and father consented to him and improve the land, expecting every day when my uncle would return. The property has become very valuable, much of it is wanted for building lots, and was it not for the defect in the title would bring $200,000. That is a good deal of money, but father was offered that last Fall. It is nineteen years since my uncle went away, and during all that time no word from him ever came back. Last Fall a hunter strolled into a cabin where a gang of our choppers live, and requested the privilege of remaining a few days.

I happened to be present, and gave him permission to remain as long as he pleased. He was a hunter by profession, and hunted his way from Missouri thus far and was bound to Northern New York to see his mother.

He remained several days and related many thrilling incidents of his travels, and the hardships of a hunter's life. In one of his narratives I chanced to hear him mention the name of *Ward* (our family name) as the name of a man who was engaged with him in a battle with a pack of wolves on the prairie. In answer to the question who Ward was, he replied that he was an old hermit who lived in Illinois, on the Sangamon river—other than that, he knew but little of him—only a good many years before he lived East, may be in Ohio.

From that moment I had no doubt that my uncle was living and immediately laid my plans to visit him in the Spring.

The next winter was long and I had ample time to prepare for my journey. My father and two older brothers did what they could to dissuade me from what they called a visionary undertaking. But my sister (who is an angel) entered into all my plans, and her words of encouragement filled me with an enthusiasm that has carried me through untold hardships. She freely gave me all the money she could rake together, and when I put with mine amounted to the sum of $368, all in Spanish coins, dollars and halves. These were secured in four small rawhide bags packed solid, so they should make no noise—and the whole slung and tied securely in this precious old bandanna handkerchief of which you made so much fun.

I had also had a deed written conveying an undivided half of the whole premises to me.

And about half an hour before you saw me board the London my mother gave me $50 and her blessing, never expecting to see me again, as her unrestrained emotion too plainly indicated. I intended to land as near the mouth of the Sagamon River as I could, leave the boat, and then explore it to its source, did I not find the object of my search before. My business with the *driver* was, to learn if I was then nearer the mouth of the river than I should be at Beardstown—he said no. The Sagamon River is a narrow crooked stream, its banks are low and lined with timber, its waters are shallow and rily, and very sensitive to a freshet. This piece of geographical knowledge I acquired last winter, and the truth of it I have proved within the last six weeks.

The "driver" in the river was a feature in my enterprise which had escaped my consideration, and when it was the constant theme of conversation of every one who came on board of the River Belle, do you wonder at my feeling blue and nervous, and about that time it occurred to me that I had omitted to ask the hunter on which side of the river my home stood. I assure you, for which I paid dearly. I entered the mouth of the river and could have followed one bank of its source with comparative ease. But I was compelled to walk up one bank say two hours, and then ford the stream, and return to the point opposite to where I started, and then retrace my steps for two hours before I could reach unexplored ground. In this way I followed the stream about forty miles, and at noon on the 17th day, found the object of my search, my uncle.

I had mapped out everything relating to my business, the manner in which I would introduce myself, my errand, and every item connected with the object I expected to accomplish. But it all left me at the time I needed it most, and I was forced to tell him who I was and what I came for in a blunt off-hand way.

I was agreeably surprised at my reception. He made out few inquiries about my father or the property, and when he asked me how much I wanted to give for — I named the amount, saying it was all I had. He replied if it was all I had it was all I ought to give. How about the deed? he asked. I then took from my pocket the instrument which I had drawn up, and at his request read it aloud.

My uncle was silent for some time, when I suggested that we should have to go to Springfield or some other place to have it properly executed. 'No,' he said, 'once a month Col. Rockwell from Fulton Co., passes here on his way to Springfield; he is a Notary, and is due here in about a week, and will stop here to bait, and then he will fix it.' In due time the matter was fixed, and with a light heart I left for Beardstown. In taking leave of my uncle, and he of me, you will come again sometime; I own two quarter sections and the stock, I will be worth looking after by and bye." I thanked him for his kindness, and assured him that his generosity would never be forgotten. I then bid him good morning, and left the cabin, but had not proceeded 100 yards when he called me back, and told me to be seated. He then counted out $18 and handed me, saying, 'some of that land didn't cost but 25 cents an acre. I don't speculate; now go.' I again thanked him, and bidding him good morning took the left bank of the river for Beardstown, and am so far towards home." This story, which I have outlined in about 10 minutes, he spent six days in relating minutely. As to his future plans, he said he should first ascertain the value of his interest in the property, then place his sister in a seminary, and possibly he might be married in the fall, as he saw nothing to prevent. He confessed that he had a strong inclination, while on the London and River Belle, to take me into his confidence and ask my advice about many things. The wear and tear produced by the constant revolution of his schemes, in his own mind, would have been greatly mitigated could his secret have been shared with a friend.

Making me promise to visit him should I ever come to Marietta, we bade each other adieu. I have never seen him since. But his name often occurs in the "Congressional Globe," he having represented his district four terms in Congress,—and it is not unfrequently mentioned among the prominent candidates for Governor of Ohio.

Somerset, Jan. 12, 1883. MAPLETON.

THE PROVIDER.

By the high dawn,
When the light of the sun is strong!
By the thick night,
When the darkness is deep and long!
He hath not forsook thee, nor hated!
By His mercies, I say,
The life which will come shall be better
Than the life of to-day.

In the latter days
The Lord thy "Provider" shall give;
When thou knowest his gift
Thou wilt not ask rather to live.
Look back! thou wert friendless and frameless
He made thee from nought:
Look back! thou wert blinded and wandering,
To the light thou art brought!
Consider! shall Allah forego thee
Since thus he hath wrought.

—[Edwin Arnold's "Pearls of the Faith."

A FAITHFUL HEART TO KNOW.

[Translated from the German of Anthorn Thorn.]

Spring had come. White anemones bowed upon their slender stems around the brook in the valley, and primroses mingled with the sweet little blue-bells that embroidered its banks. The old women bore silver-gray cutkins from the low hanging branches; the little boys and girls, amid laughter and songs, broke off the switches within their reach, for the coming Palm Sunday. A balmy breeze was blowing through the valley, and the sun in golden splendor beamed with the warmth of spring. On the declivity of the ridge of hills lay the little town of red houses and white roofs, overlooked by a gray church steeple, in the singular form of an immense nut with a glittering cross.

A pale young traveller is coming up the valley. At his side hangs his travelling pouch; a strong staff supports his steps; and now he stops, and, holding his white hand above his eyes to shade them from the sun, gazes in the direction of the town. His garments are dark and removed from the fashion of the day; on his head he wears a broad brimmed hat, and around his neck the collar, the distinguishing mark of the Catholic priesthood.

The boys and girls, as they pass by, greet him with loud "Praised be Jesus Christ!" and when the girls come up to kiss his hands, he endeavors almost anxiously to evade it.

On the white foot path, bordered with trees, leading to town, a couple of persons come up with him, one an old gentleman with white hair, but ruddy face, and with the stiff, firm pace indicative of the army, arm-in-arm with a girl in light garments. The young traveller recognized them as the old cavalry captain Gunther—owner of the pretty little villa with the large garden in the town above, by the Peter gate, to which he had been a frequent visitor before his entrance into ecclesiastical orders—and his daughter Eva, who had been the playmate of his youth.

They had been neighbors' children, had laughed and wept together in childish fashion, had played at man and wife, in summer had gathered flowers and twined garlands, in winter snowballed each other till their faces were frozen in the frosty atmosphere and their hands glowing. Years had elapsed since then; he had been placed at school in a distant town, and had only seen Eva during his vacations, on each of which he was surprised at the increasing grace and beauty, her manner at the same time acquiring more reserve and formality. Of his own free choice he had entered the order of St. Benedict, his instructor at the university having been a disciple of that order, and now, for the first time after an absence of three years, he was returning as a "clerical gentleman."

The handsome, slender girl with the fresh velvety cheeks, the large fawn-like eyes, turned upon him, and the brilliant dark hair, was Eva; and the young priest felt a pang at his heart on recognizing her, and the next moment was angry with himself for this feeling, and intended to punish himself by passing by with merely a silent nod. But, just as he was passing, his wide hat was off, and was bowing his shining brow to the couple, the Captain called out:

"Holla, Reinhold! welcome in God's name! We did not expect you until to-morrow," at the same time extending his hand and looking so kindly at him, that the young traveller found it impossible to pass on without saying a word, so he replied:

"I did not intend coming until to-morrow, but my impatience got the better of me, and I thought I would surprise my parents. How have you been all this time, Captain?"

"Thank you, thank you! Eva does not leave me room to complain."

The young theologian had fully intended to ignore this slightly commended personage who was standing immediately beside Eva, but he was now compelled to turn round to her, for, with a most ingenious smile, she had extended her slender gloved hand to him, and before he had time to deliberate, his right hand was enclosed within it. It remained there, however, scarcely a second. A burning blush mounted to his pale face, and he was about to continue on his way, with a silent greeting, when the old soldier said:

"We will let you off to-day, for father and mother will claim your society, but will you not be our guest at dinner to-morrow?"

The invitation was given with such military brevity, added to the impoliteness of declining it, that he accepted with thanks, and then hurried on as if the ground were burning beneath his feet, while he muttered in a low tone the regulation words:

"*Fenisne videre non prohibemini sed eas appetere vel ab ipsis appeti velle criminorum est.*" (You are not prohibited from looking at women, but to desire or wish to be desired by them is a crime.)

He took off his hat to cool his heated brow, although the temperature of the day was not high. He would much rather not have accepted the invitation, and during the internal conflict which was raging within him, he had almost concluded to recall his promise and excuse himself.

On walking through the streets of the little town, he uncovered his head as he passed before the church, which stood on the small square, where the grass was growing up amongst the flagstones. The people in almost all the houses opened their windows-sashes and whispered to each other as if it were a secret:

"There is Fordach's Reinhold." Others said, "He has grown very handsome; he will make a fine looking priest." While a pert little maiden added: "It is a great pity!"

Almost adjoining the old Peter's-gate, with the singular gothic sculpturings, a remnant of the time when the city called itself free of the empire, stands a handsome house, with a merchant's shop upon the ground floor, and inscribed in large gothic letters upon the usual festoon of lemons on the cornice above the door of entrance the name Gabriel Fordbach. This was the home of the young Benedictine, and he was, besides, the only son. At first he had been destined for a merchant; but his mother wanted him to become a student, and so his father had given his acquiescence, whereupon Reinhold was sent to the college of the Benedictines. Two of his teachers were bigoted, over-zealous men, and sought to make proselytes for their order from amongst the scholars. Youths distinguished for talent and industry had, for the most part fallen to them, and they clung to them with the greed of the vampire, and sought to suck from their hearts all worldly ambition and all aspirations after earthly happiness. It had happened thus with Reinhold, and his parents were more astonished than pleased when he informed them of his resolution to enter the monastic life, as a firm man and of few words, and again said: "Be it so; for a man's will is his happiness;" and his mother had consoled herself with the maternal pride, so common in Catholic families, of possessing a "clerical son."

They were all three sitting round the dinner table in the parlor adjoining the shop, the mother urging them to eat, while the father, as he looked into his son's face, said: "Young man, you are very pale. If you do not feel yourself quite content and happy in the order of St. Benedict, my advice to you is to lay aside the black coat and take up something else."

"No, father; I am very well satisfied, and wish for nothing better."

It seemed to Reinhold at the moment as if he had uttered a lie; and yet he felt that according to his convictions, he could have given no other answer. The old man shook his head, and went to his office. His mother likewise had occupation, and the young Benedictine was left alone in the apartment. He went to the window and looked out. Opposite was the villa of the cavalry captain, with its veranda, intertwined with green foliage. Wild vines trailed along the white walls and climbed about the windows, at one of which the snow white muslin curtain was moving, and the head of a young girl showed itself like a beautiful marble image from out the frame-work. The head around which the wavy hair fell like a vaporous cloud, was bent down, and the eyes fixed upon a piece of work. Reinhold could not withdraw his gaze from this picture. He stood in the middle of the room, supporting himself with both hands upon the table. Is there happiness outside of the order of St. Benedict? Upon those soft red cheeks, in the eyes of that maiden as they are now bent upon her work, is there not an inscribed an everlasting gospel which has been preached ever since man has walked upon this earth, and which, therefore, must be an emanation from God?

Eva at this moment raised her head. She seemed to be looking across; and Reinhold quitting his hold upon the table, murmured, "*Apage Satanas!* Lord, lead me not into temptation!" He turned away from the window and walked up and down the room; he was seized with shame and repentance, and resolved to set himself free the next morning by confession, and to strengthen himself through communion. Taking up his hat, he determined at once to visit the curate.

As he walked past the door he saw the head of the maiden from the opposite side of the street bowing to him out of the window, from between the green vine branches; but he did not return the greeting, nor did he even look that way, and he felt all at once, light and free, as if he had gained a great victory over himself.

The parsonage stood near the church, on the grass-grown, quiet market-place; the water plashed in the little fountain in front of it; a weather-beaten image of a saint stood upon the old fashioned gayle, and a stone bench was beside the large brown door of entrance.

There was something idyllic about this old parsonage, both within and without. The entrance hall was broad, inlaid with red tiles, and blackened images of saints hung upon the white wall; the garden shrubs with their fresh verdure nodded in through the open court-yard gate.

A pleasant looking elderly woman in a white cap and kitchen apron was the first to greet the young man.

"Ah, Mr. Reinhold, this is kind in your coming to see us first. I saw you passing by to day with your knapsack and staff, and thought you will be so pleased to see your he is in his study."

She wiped her hand on her clean apron, and held it out to the young theologian with kind familiarity: for, as boy and scholar he had been a frequent visitor to the parsonage and had been treated by Miss Gertrude to many a little delicacy from the kitchen. After pressing her hand affectionately and exchanging a few friendly words with her, he went up the clean, white stone steps, at the head of which, above a massive brown door, stood the words: "The Lord bless thine entrance!" and into this door Reinhold entered. The apartment was pleasant, spite of the black antique furniture; and this pleasant effect perhaps was due to the snow white window-curtains or to the pictures on the wall, or to the plaster busts on the old carved bookcase, looking down like geniuses—Schiller, Goethe, Lessing. The theologian who has Lessing in his study, is a priest without guile, and is certain to execute the duties of his office in the spirit of truth and devotion.

On the black-backed sofa with its brown cushions sat an elderly gentleman with gray locks above his handsome, high brow, and with a pair of strangely bright, spiritual looking eyes. He laid aside his book and with some cordial words drew his young companion down to a seat beside, him, and looking into his face as Reinhold's father had done to him before, he too said:

"You are very pale, Reinhold."

The young Benedictine felt himself blushing as he answered:

"Perhaps the effects of the last few weeks' hard study, or perhaps from the fatigue of the journey—I am feeling very well."

"Then you are content?"

"I am."

"It is well for you my son, that you have so far been spared the trials of the priestly life, but they will come, if it is your intention to become a good shepherd and no hireling; and take care that you do not sink under them. What do your teachers say about him?" pointing to Lessing's bust.

Reinhold, raising his eyes, said with a somewhat embarrassed look and tone:

"An atheist! A blasphemer of the sanctuary of the positive church."

A sad smile played around the mouth of the old man, as he said:

"So they are still of the same mind. You see, Reinhold, I have acted according to my own convictions, because my best friend, with whom I was in daily association was a Protestant, and notwithstanding the admonitions of the consistory, I would not sacrifice for his sake. I knew no one who so bore the love of God and his neighbors in his heart and exercised it in deed. I again acted according to my own convictions in procuring honorable burial for a Jew within the walls of the Catholic churchyard, and in not permitting the poor but respectable man, whom I had known for fifteen years, to be interred like a malefactor in the open field. My school friends were provosts and canons—I have only this poor living here, but I would not allow myself to be deprived of my Lessing, and I think that, up there (pointing to the sky) I am more likely to meet my Jew and my Protestant than many a provost and canon. There is more in 'Nathan the Wise,' whom your teachers accuse of heresy and would have burned than there is in the scholiasts. But I will repeat to you the word by Augustin before his conversion: '*Tolle lege!*" With this he took up from the table a little book, plainly bound and ragged pages, and handing it to Reinhold said: "Take it and read it. I present you with this book, although you may have been long ago acquainted with its contents. Read it once more with attention and without prejudice, and then throw it in the corner again—if you can!"

Reinhold again stood before the brown door, holding his hand against the pocket into which he had put the little book. The curate's words had excited a strange storm within him, they were so entirely at variance with the utterances of his teachers; and when he examined his heart to discover as to which side his honest convictions inclined, the scale fell in favor of the white-haired priest in the old fashioned parsonage.

The book truly burned into his heart and he hastened to his dwelling. The dusk of evening was approaching, the mellowed light of the lamps from the windows of the Gunther seemed to send a greeting to him, while in soft minor chords rang out the variations of an old song:

"They were children of two kings;
They loved each other dearly."

Reinhold was silent during the whole evening, so that his father was divided between anger and pity and was every moment more convinced that his son was not quite so happy as he tried to persuade himself and others. Under the pretext of fatigue, Reinhold soon withdrew to his room, which looked out upon the court, where he was secure from the disturbance of light or sound from the neighboring villa, and began to read Lessing's book.

His teachers had never put "Nathan the Wise," into his hands; he felt for the first time the soaring grandeur of that mighty genius and hour after hour passed; the lamp grew dim and smoky, but his cheeks glowed, his eyes glistened his heart beat with lively emotion. No, no atheist could speak thus, no blasphemer, no profaner of sacred things. Why had his teachers done him such an injury, why had they so traduced the manly and independent utterances of a noble mind! It was near morning before he went to sleep; in his dreams he saw Lessing's bust before him as it stood in the study of the old curate, and the poet of "Nathan" seemed to look upon him with the serene intelligent eyes of the priest.

Palm Sunday! The bells were ringing, festally attired people were on their way to the church on the square, and boys and girls with palm branches were running through the streets, swinging them high up in their hands, while the little town shone brilliant in the glistening sun of a lovely spring day. Tapers were burning on the high altars of the church, and the incense enveloped the image of the *mater dolorosa*, as well as the gray curate in his glitt-ring vestments and his acolyte, the young Benedictine, Reinhold, wearing the wide almutium over the dark garment of his order. The congregation were greatly pleased and edified at seeing him officiate at the altar instead of the young man who usually served there.

The curate had read to them the history of the Passion of Christ; the miracle of the Transfiguration caused all knees to bend and again the organ began softly and tremulously in soul stirring tones, while stringed instruments took up the sacred strains of the soft melody; and now a human voice, bell-like and metallic-toned rang out clearly and sang what the inhabitants of Jerusalem had once sung at the entrance of the Lord:

"*Benedictus qui venit in nomine domini.*"

"Blessed be he who cometh in the name of the Lord: Hosannah to the son of David!"

It was a female voice and it thrilled Reinhold's heart to its very depths. The soft breath of the Orient seemed to blow upon him, the palms to rustle above his head; he saw in spirit the Mediator riding upon the foal of an ass through the streets of the holy city, and like a lightning flash radiating through these devotional feelings there suddenly broke upon him the idea, that is Eva's voice. His face flushed, and his thoughts strayed from the holy service and he missed the kneeling with the priest. Again angry at his absence of mind, he left the church in ill humor.

The congregation greeted him as reverentially as they did the curate himself although they had seen him grow up under their eyes from his earliest years. It seemed to him as if he did not deserve this honor and quickly and with eyes bent on the ground, he walked to his parents' house.

He continued to debate within himself as to whether he should excuse himself from dining with the Captain, but his father's earnest entresty decided him, and so he went across to the green embowered villa. The Captain was in good spirits, Eva unembarrassed and kind, and Reinhold, yielding to the impulse of the moment, gave free vent to the innocent jocularity of the student. Finally, the Captain raising his glass and striking it against Reinhold's cried:

'You should not have crept into the owl, Reinhold. You would have been just the fellow to make a girl happy. Perhaps, however, it is just as well that now and then some brave blood should circulate in the veins of the priesthood."

The young theologian was horrified, as it at once struck him that his conduct had not been consistent with his calling, and he grew serious and thoughtful. The Captain rose from the table and withdrew from the room for his after dinner-nap.

The young people were thus left alone. But for the implied rudeness, Reinhold would have taken his immediate departure; he was immediately reassured however, by the girl's ease of manner and innocent, though agreeable, conversation. The little piano stood near the window, with its white ivory keys beckoning to them most invitingly and he begged Eva to play or to sing. She complied at once, sitting down to the beautiful instrument without affectation, and Reinhold, sitting himself comfortably in the arm-chair watched her slender white fingers as they grasped the sonorous chords. She sang, and the young theologian was strangely moved; he had not been deceived—this was the same bell-toned voice which had sung the "Benedictus" in the church. What she sung was Paul Flemming's sweet old song, set to the music of an extremely simple popular melody:

"A faithful heart to know
Is a treasure beyond all price;
Glad the possessor one,
Who trusts in another's we recognize.
The sting of sorrow loses half its smart
When the sorrow is shared by a faithful heart."

Each tone, each word sank slowly, but with abiding force, into the deepest recesses of his heart; and although it might be construed as impolite, he was irresistibly impelled to seek the open air, there to find a vent for his over charged feelings.

A faithful heart! Where was he to look for one except in his father and mother and the white haired priest; and when death should take these from him, he would then stand alone, alone. At the same time he felt strangely happy on this Palm Sunday evening; he was tender and communicative to his parents, as he would demonstrate to them his gratitude for the sympathetic beating of their hearts with his. He sat with them till late into the night, and from the villa opposite, sounded the notes of the instrument now jubilant, now mournful, as if there too a heart was seeking expression for its innermost feelings.

It was now Passion week. Reinhold avoided meeting Eva; all his thoughts were completely absored in the painful mysteries of the Passion of the Lord; still from time to time, there would seem to come up to him from the deepest recesses of his heart, an echo of Paul Flemming's homely melody of love. At these times he would shake his head, take up his breviary and try to pray. On one occasion too, he had taken up again Lessing's "Nathan," and read in the seventh scene of the third act the very beautiful gospel of tolerance.

Maundy-Thursday, and Good Friday, on which days the Catholic Church makes every effort to impress the minds of the faithful by the solemnity and strangeness of the ceremonies; when the church is hung with black and no lights are used, excepting the dim candles on the graves of the Holy Sepulchre, Reinhold completely engrossed in his vocation, and he officiated, as far as it was permitted him, by the side of the gray curate.

It was on this quiet Friday, in the fourth hour of the afternoon: the sky was overcast and a drizzling rain was falling, the little town was still, still as death, when the maid servant came hurrying from the parsonage, bursting out the announcement:

"The curate is dead."

Reinhold started from his seat in horror it seemed to him he could not have heard aright. He had been with this dear friend till dinner-time—but it was bitter, earnest truth; a stroke of apoplexy had suddenly put an end to this precious life; he had fallen asleep on the third hour of the afternoon.

Reinhold hastened to the parsonage. The aged housekeeper came to meet him and conducted him into the familiar study. The gray day-light penetrating through the window gave an appearance of gloom to everything; the candles for the dead flickered with an unsteady light upon the table, and the dead curate lay upon the brown sofa, with the same mild, pleasant expression upon his face, which he had always worn in life. Death had wrought little change here and the closed eyes might easily have been mistaken for calm sleep.

The hands were crossed upon the breast and Reinhold, on taking up one of them, and finding it stiff and cold, was seized with a feeling of awe, such as he had never before experienced. He dipped the tips of his fingers in the little vessel of holy water and sprinkled it on the face of the dead man, while some drops, resembling tears, mingled with the holy liquid. Old Gertrude uttered low sobs, as she hid her eyes in her apron.

"Sleep in peace, thou good, brave man! Thy deeds will testify for thee before the throne of God. Blessed be thy memory! said the young Benedictine, in a low tone. Gertrude raised his hand and suppressing her tears said:

"Yes, he was good—more than people knew, or need to know. The poor will weep over his coffin; but it is I who have lost most. It has not been your experience to know the value of a true heart."

Reinhold involuntariiy started, as he thought of Paul Flemming's song, and the old housekeeper proceeded:

"You see I have known the deceased from his earliest youth, even as a gay school-boy and I loved him. I have no hesitation in making this confession now, and as he lies there, it is no matter if he hears it. We were neighbors' children, and grew up together. His mother was a religious woman who desired above all things to have a son in the ministry, and Gustave made the sacrifice. The old woman never knew how many trials it cost him; but when he would come home during his vacations, he would condole to me, how spiritless he found his studies, how contracted and narrow-minded were his teachers and fellow-students. He was not one of those to accept the World and for that very reason he was sent around to the worst stations as co-operator, and his hair was gray before they gave him this little living here. Meanwhile, his mother and father died, and I too lost my parents. I had grown to be an old maid, not because I could not have had a husband but because I did not want one—I knew very well why—and I asked him myself if he would employ me as his housekeeper. He said 'yes' and so I have been living these twenty years under his roof, doing all that lay in my power to make him comfortable; and he knew too that I loved him."

Gertrude bent over the dead man and kissed him on the brow, while a tear fell on the cold cheek close beside the drops of holy water, commingling with them. Which of the two were the most holy?"

Reinhold stood before the dead curate, while his heart was full to bursting. Gertrude's homely narrative had stirred his soul to its innermost depths. During these few days of his sojourn at home, what had he not experienced! And all of it was only tending to undermine the structure which his teachers had been endeavoring to erect within his heart. The philosophy of life rose in striking contrast to that of the scholiasts', and Reinhold began to conceive the idea, that God can be served without breviary and habit.

In the dusk of evening he wandered about in the little town, while the storm still raged within him. Wet through by the drizzling rain, he finally entered the Peter gate, nor did he even now look up at the windows of the villa Gunther. By his night lamp he again read the "Nathan," while the book grew still dearer to him it was truly the bequest of a beloved deceased one.

On the following day he again administered in the office of acolyte. A co-operator from the neighborhood officiated in the curate's place, but he performed the sacred rites in such a careless, business-like and mechanical manner, that Reinhold was angry and preferred, during the celebration of the Resurrection, in the evening, to sit in the pew with his parents. The church was brilliantly illuminated with innumerable candles, volumes of incense rolled out their fumes around the altar, and tymbals and trumpets announced from the choir the victory of the Redeemer over death and the grave. And from out of this storm of instrumental jubilation again rang the magnificent female voice:

"Sing praises, O heart, on this jubilee day!
Thou too wilt arise from the dead."

It seemed to Reinhold as if, all at once, a fetter had burst which had bound him head and heart; he felt as if he would like to shout aloud with the silver-toned voice, and yet he held his breath as if in sweet ecstasy.

Resurrection! He felt as if he were solemnizing it in his heart, and he pressed his father's hand, who looked at him in surprise.

After church he spoke to the old cavalry captain, who invited him to be his guest again on Easter Sunday, and Reinhold accepted the invitation.

Easter Sunday, upon which, according to a popular tradition, the sun makes three leaps, broke in light and splendor. The co-operator celebrated high mass, while Reinhold stood in a dark corner of the church, thinking of the dead curate and silently praying for him. He felt strangely happy and greeted everyone more kindly than ever as he left the church.

At the dinner table, with the captain and Eva, the conversation was cheerful, and fell upon various subjects: nor was the dead man in the old parsonage forgotten, and Reinhold experienced infinite pleasure in listening to the unbounded praise bestowed upon his departed friend. The old officer withdrew as usual for his after dinner nap, and left the young people together.

A strange feeling of embarrassment fell upon Reinhold; he could think of nothing to say, and the girl, too, was singularly quiet. At last he requested that she would sing again the same song which she had sung on Palm Sunday.

She complied, but her clear voice trembled to-day. He sat near her, looking into her face; the sunlight glistened on her shining hair, her white hands wandering over the keys as her breast softly rose and fell, while she sang again the song of the true heart to the simple popular air.

Reinhold sat motionless, but his eyes filled with tears as the last strophe rang through the room:

"True happiness is that alone
Where hearts with hearts in truth embark:
When at another's needful tone
We shrink not, though the hour be dark.
The sting of sorrow loses half its smart
When the sorrow is shared by a faithful heart."

The last chord died away, and Eva let her hands fall into her lap. For a moment profound silence reigned in the room. Scarcely was the breathing of these two young people audible. Eva at last raised her large, child-like eyes, and looked at Reinhold; who, hardly conscious of what he felt, hardly conscious of what he did, fell on his knees before the playmate of his youth and concealed his burning face in the folds of her gown, and when he again lifted it up, he whispered, between smiles and tears: "My beloved Eva!"

And the trembling white hands of the maiden were laid upon his brow, while, bending back his head softly, two brown, sparkling eyes looked into his and two sweet red lips repeated the line:

"A faithful heart to know!"

On Easter Monday the old cuarte was borne to his last resting place. The sun had preceded him, and was shining upon his grave, and the first birds of spring twittered amongst the choral of bells and singers. Eva and Reinhold stood together beside the mound; the latter no longer wore the collar, the sign of the Catholic divine.

THE UNHEEDED SINGER.

A bird with azure breast and beak of gold,
A joyous stranger, beautiful and shy,
Flown from far groves beneath a summer sky
At morn amid our March woods bare and cold
Sang like a spirit. Ruptures such as hold
The arches charmed and hush the zephyr's sigh
From his enamored throat flowed carelessly
In musical low warblings manifold.
At length he ceased, with arch head bent aside
And listened long; but from the woodlands bare
No cheering voice of melody replied,
Only a faint call from the fields of